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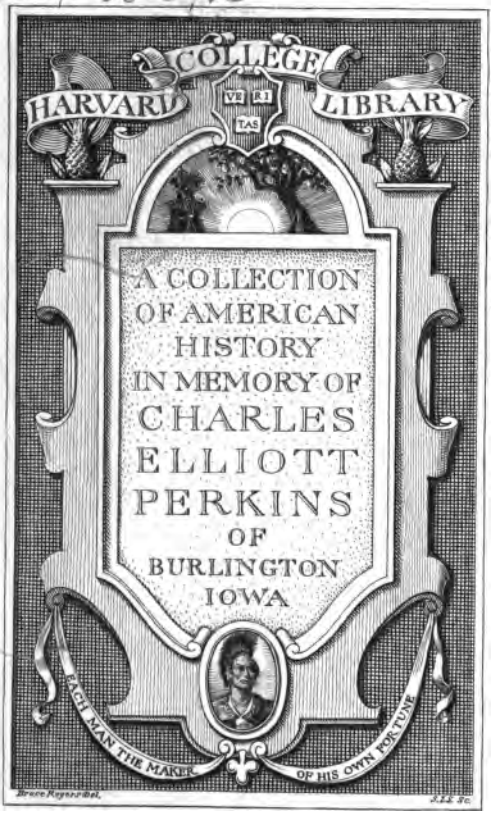
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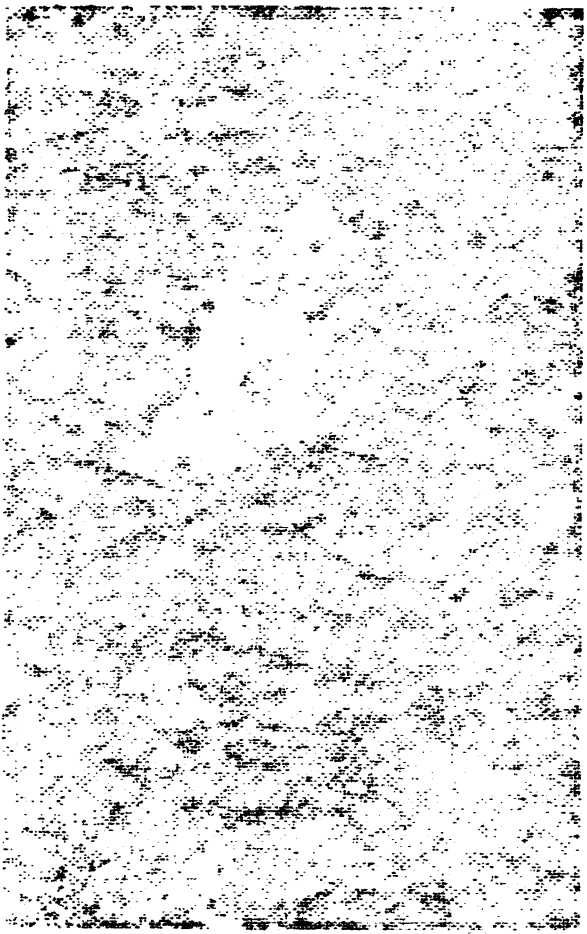

LIFE IN ALASKA.

LETTERS OF

MRS. EUGENE S. WILLARD.

EDITED BY HER SISTER,

MRS. EVA McCLINTOCK.

PHILADELPHIA:
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LIFE IN ALASKA.

TO

SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.,

ALASKA'S CHIEF MISSIONARY,

AND

ITS MISSIONARIES' CHIEF FRIEND,

THESE LETTERS ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE world is often tempted to think that the age of faith has passed away. In the midst of the greed of money-making, the rivalries of social display and the selfishness of pleasure-seeking, even the Church herself is almost surprised at high heroic sacrifice for the cause of Christ and the salvation of men. Perhaps this may partially account for the pleased surprise with which many have perused these letters as they have come fresh from the front of missionary operations on the remote borders of our own land. But as the great Head of the Church is "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," so his heroic spirit of sacrifice springs to life eternally beautiful in the heirs of his grace. Surely, in nothing is the spirit of our

blessed Master more clearly evinced than in flying on the wings of love to the abodes of wretchedness and ministering that mercy of which it has been truly said,

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The letters which form this little collection were written with no thought of publication, but they have so touched the hearts of all who have read them as to secure a warm personal interest in the writer and a private circulation quite unusual in correspondence so modest. So stimulating has been their influence in praying circles and mission bands that many have expressed the desire to have them in a more permanent form, and to see them launched on a career of wider usefulness.

If in some cases these letters are found to be fragmentary, let it be remembered that they were written in scraps of time snatched from a life of more than usual care and weariness, sometimes in the midst of great

excitement, sometimes in the midst of the most vexatious interruptions. Their power is largely due to their artless simplicity, but they furnish unconscious pictures of the homely necessities generally incident to the missionary's lot. They throb with the loyalty of Christian devotion and are redolent with the perfume of native refinement and womanly grace. As we read on, our hearts are touched, our sympathies are enlisted, criticism is disarmed and prejudices melt away; we are in no mood to demand the felicities of an elaborate rhetoric, and we are quite content that the Christian wife and mother shall tell the story of her loving service in her own way.

The very circumstances of the case forbid that the writer of these letters should now give her personal care to their revision. The collection and the publication of these "voices of the heart" have been the work, not of their author, but of others, who have gladly assumed not only the labor, but also the responsibility, of this little venture.

The desire to know something of a writer's personality is very natural to all readers, and yet delicacy forbids that we should say much of the living. Mrs. Willard was born in New Castle, Pennsylvania, May 3, 1853. Her maiden-name was Caroline McCoy White. Very early in life she showed a decided disposition for missionary work, formed a missionary society of little girls and delighted in reading the stories of missionary labors and trials. In her eleventh year she had a protracted sickness, during which all hope of recovery was given up by her friends, and by herself all desire to live. In this condition she lay waiting and longing day by day to depart and be with Christ, but after being, to all appearance, dead, she revived and rapidly recovered. The assurance, given to her by her parents, that the Lord must have work for her to do, reconciled her to life, and while yet too weak to visit her companions she addressed them with letters on the subject of religion. When she was sufficiently recovered to be carried into the church,

she publicly made a profession of her faith in Christ.

Owing to delicate health, her education was not so full and varied as her parents desired, but she was fond of reading and acquired much valuable information whilst receiving a sweet and gentle culture under the sheltering, fostering care of a refined Christian home. Having a taste and a talent for drawing and painting, she early began to take lessons under the instruction of a teacher in her native place. Her art-studies were afterward pursued in the academy at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the National Academy, in New York, and later still she took lessons in portrait-painting in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

In September, 1874, she became the teacher in drawing and painting in the United Presbyterian College, at Monmouth, Illinois, where she spent two years. In Mrs. Willard's graphic, picturesque style many will detect one of the fruits of her artistic studies.

On the 24th of April, 1879, she was married to Mr. Eugene S. Willard, and

in the summer of the same year she accepted, with her husband, a position as missionary teacher in Alaska under the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Of her subsequent experiences in trial and triumph, in joy and sorrow, the following letters may best tell. They are not published as detailing anything peculiar in missionary experience—for many others, doubtless, are called to pass through similar trials—but because they set forth, with a graphic power rarely surpassed, the daily-recurring scenes in those "dark places of the earth" that are "full of the habitations of cruelty."

G. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. WILLARD AND DAUGHTER CARRIE . . . . *Frontispiece.*

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MCFARLAND HOME, FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA 23

CARVED IMPLEMENTS 37

CARVED IMPLEMENTS 41

CHILCAT BASKETS AND HORN SPOON 45

HAINES 51

INTERIOR OF A CHILCAT HOUSE 54

MAP OF CHILCAT MISSION 99

CHILCAT MAN 103

CHILCAT MOTHER AND CHILD GOING TO CHURCH . . . 147

CHILCAT WOMAN SEWING, WITH HER BABE LEANING AGAINST THE WALL 151

AN ALASKAN SNOW-STORM 175

MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA 191

CHANNELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA 203

CHILCAT MAN IN NATIVE COSTUME, WITH WOODEN HAT, STONE MORTAR AND CARVED STAFF 253

TOTEM DISH OF CINNAMON BEAR OR HOOTS TRIBE, WITH TABLE MAT 256

CHILCAT SHAWL MADE FROM THE WOOL OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN GOAT, AND COVERED WITH TOTEMIC EMBLEMS 257
MEDICINE-MEN GRAVES 259
SITKA HARBOR 265
MAIN STREET, SITKA 269
SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE BUILDING 271
ALASKA MOUNTAIN SCENERY 291

LIFE IN ALASKA.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, June 21, 1881.

MY DEAR PARENTS: You will be surprised that we are still in this place, when by our last letter you heard that we were to sail in a few days for Chilcat, and it is difficult for the moment to go back and see things as you see them and know exactly *what* to tell you, when so much more than is possible to tell in this slow way comes crowding upon the mind. We were under orders to stop either at Fort Wrangell or Sitka for a month; so we came on to Sitka, and were brought to the hospitable home of Mr. Alonzo E. Austin and his family, who are in charge of the mission here. We have found them most devoted and worthy peo-

ple, who warmly took us to their hearts and home.

On Friday last the steam-launch of the United States ship Jamestown returned from the mines with the word that there was war in Chilcat; that two men had been killed and several wounded, all on one side; that fighting would go on until they were *even;* that the steamer Favorite would bring further word, and, if necessary, a squad of United States marines would be detached for duty there.

The Favorite came in on Monday with word that the fighting was still hot. Eight had been killed—three men of rank on one side, for whom many more lives on the other side were demanded. The trouble began through drunkenness, they having procured a barrel of molasses for *hoochinoo.** Commander Henry Glass, of the U. S. S. Jamestown (and a book would hardly suffice to tell of the good work he has done here in the last year), waited on us to say that we could not possibly accomplish anything by going up there now; he

* An intoxicating liquor made by the natives from molasses.

wished to have no more complications, and he much desired to have us quietly wait in this place till Dr. Sheldon Jackson should arrive.

This morning the soldiers left for Chilcat. The head-chief was away at the beginning of the trouble, and it is said that he expresses himself as so much grieved and disgusted that he wished to come to Sitka to remain until it is settled, lest Captain Glass should hold him responsible for the difficulty. The Indians here expressed great sorrow about it. We are waiting now for Dr. Jackson, by the next steamer, who is going to bring with him the lumber and materials for our building. In the mean time, our hearts and hands are full and we are praying.

Mr. Willard preached to the whites last Sabbath. Yesterday he helped to put in potatoes for the boys' school which Mr. Austin has started, and which I must tell you more about at another time. He has made a very nice bedstead, and expects to make quite a number of things in the way of furniture before we start. As there is

no minister here, he will fill the place while we remain.

June 24.—Mr. Willard officiated at the funeral of the wife of Chief Anahootz this morning, as the chief consented to have a Christian burial. It was a very sad death. Captain Glass had forbidden the making or selling of hoochinoo, and appointed this chief and several other Indians as policemen; so that the town is not at all as it used to be, but much more orderly. On last Sabbath several Indians clubbed together and bought a gallon of gin and alcohol and drank until this one of the party died; her body was carried home amid great excitement. They hold the one whom they detailed to carry the whisky to them responsible for the death, and will not tell who sold the stuff, except that it was a white man.

It is the custom of the Alaskans to compel the murderer to stay beside the corpse until it is finally disposed of; then, in a council, they decide how many "blankets" he shall pay. If he fails to pay the price, he is killed. Captain Glass heard the case

on Monday, and allowed them to carry out their custom so far as having the Indian Charley stay with the corpse, but said that *he* would decide what penalty each should pay. This morning Charley heard that they (the Indians) were going to ask a great many blankets—more than he could possibly pay—and said that he would kill himself: he would not be arrested. He is a very large, powerful man; so, to save him from himself and from his people, the captain sent him, with a note, to the guard-house, and there they put him in irons. We do not know what is to be done.

The captain sent for Mr. Willard to attend the "pow-wow" (council) on Monday, and afterward asked him to attend to the funeral service. He and his officers were in attendance, together with other whites; it was held in the house of Anahootz. Some hymns were sung; then Mr. Willard spoke of death—what it is—the judgment, and the individual accountability of each soul for the deeds done in the body: "No shifting of guilt then! As Captain

Glass punished each man for his own, and not another man's, sin, so God," etc. Mr. Austin followed.

Then the friends, many of whom had been knitting and sewing during the service, took leave of the body, after which it was carried out through an opening made by the removal of some boards from the side of the house, as they have a superstition against taking a corpse through the usual door of a house. They lead out a dog before the coffin—I suppose, that it may receive the thrusts of the evil spirits that beset the way, and prevent sickness from coming into the house.

Night before last a squaw came running to the guard-house with the word that she had been out to Indian River (about a mile distant), when she was seized by ten Chilcats, who meant to kill her to avenge the death of the man of their tribe who killed himself in the guard-house here; but when they found that she was not of the family of that unfortunate man's wife, they let her go and were lying in ambush for some Sitka Indians. Upon hearing this story, the

officers ordered the Indian police to reconnoitre; but they were afraid, and would not go. The Chilcats are the terror of all other Alaska tribes.

We cannot tell how much truth there is in this woman's story. We have had no recent word from the Chilcat country—none since the Favorite left, and she is not expected back before the California (mail-steamer) leaves Sitka. . . .

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, June 29, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: For many days I have wished for the opportunity of writing you something of the good work in this dark land. The opportunity comes this morning while Baby sleeps, and now I realize how difficult it is to select from so large a collection just the facts that will be the most interesting and convey to you the truest impressions. This is a wonderful country in many respects. During the summer months it is literally a land where there is no night—except, indeed, the night which has so long reigned over the minds and hearts of this people. The sun sinks

below the mountain-top at about nine o'clock P. M. I sat sewing last night till near eleven, and then retired by daylight. It is "dusk" only for about one hour at midnight, and then the broad day streams in again. One could read all night without a lamp. We are so near the north pole that at this season but little of the sun's circuit is invisible. It rises, I think, at about one-sixth of the circle from its setting. I believe that from the height of Mount Saint Elias we could see the sun's course around the horizon without a moment's shadow. In winter here, we are told, the days are correspondingly short: they have sunset at two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

The mountains which enclose this picturesque village are white with snow, while on the table at my side stands a bowl of the most beautiful berries I ever saw—the salmon-berries, which are apparently a cross of the strawberry, which they resemble in color and form, and the blackberry, which they are more like in seed, cells and flavor. In the last particular all

fruits that I have eaten here are inferior, having a peculiar wild, woody taste; but I believe that by culture much better varieties could be obtained.

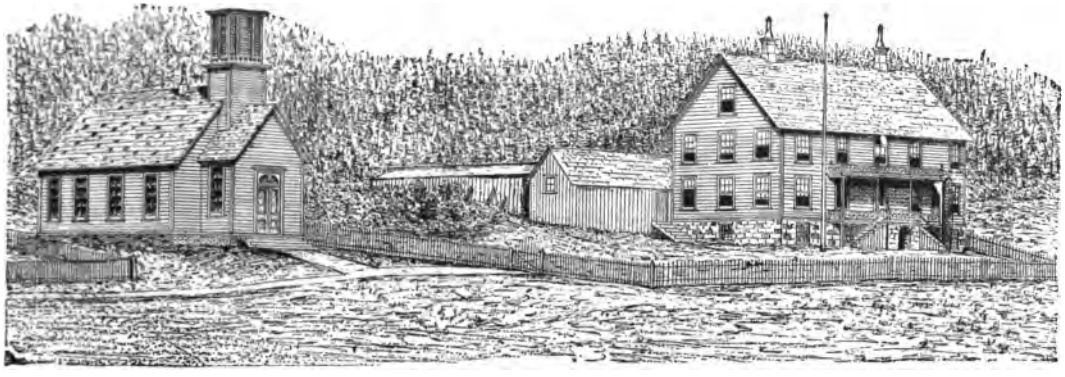
Since writing this I have eaten salmon-berries which are as large as crab-apples and very delicious. In appearance they are certainly all that could be desired. We had lettuce, too, from the garden here, yesterday—very nice—and radishes, peas, cauliflowers, cabbage, potatoes and turnips; and many other things are growing beautifully.

We stopped but two hours in Fort Wrangell on the way here; so I found no time to devote to the sketch of the mission buildings which Dr. Jackson requested for his paper, there was so much to be seen and heard.

The town of Wrangell is a mud-hole and a wharf—at least, it must have been only that before the missionaries made it a home also. Subtract the Home and the little signs of life through the town which are clearly its emanations, and it is a scene of desolation such as would fill your hearts

with a new appreciation of the spirit which sustained our dear Mrs. McFarland when the departing steamer left her the only white woman in the place. She is the general, and Miss Maggie J. Dunbar is her able under-officer.

The Home is a large and plain but substantial building with double porch to the front, looking out over the lovely harbor and its green islands, locked in by the snow-capped mountains which almost crowd the little town into the water. The twenty-eight happy girls were grouped on the upper porch, and made a sweet picture in the light of the setting sun—a picture the details of which grew upon us as we mingled among them, and which was not complete without the shadow of the Indian ranche in all its squalor and sin. After showing us through the house, which is surprisingly complete in its appointments, even to the bath-room (with ready faucets) out of the dormitory, and bake- and wash-house, a sitting-room for the girls and a sick-room —which, happily, was unoccupied—the girls were called into the schoolroom to sing for



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND McFARLAND HOME, FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.

us. I am sure that no one could have heard their sweet voices without wishing to have a share in this work. The children looked so proud and happy! They are very quick and bright.

Mr. Young's had with them on their trip the little Hydah girl of about ten years whom they adopted from the Home. I was sketching a little on deck one day, and she instantly became inspired. She would sit in perfect rapture looking at the mountains, sky and water. At one point of particular beauty she exclaimed, with her hands on her breast and her face all aglow, "Oh, my heart gave a great shake!" At another place Mrs. Young told her to sketch the scene at sunset. She sat with an expression of countenance worthy a great artist. Gazing over the shining deep with softened eyes, she simply said, "I can't draw glory." This child's father, now dead, was the finest artist and silversmith on the coast. Beautiful work in carving and weaving is still done.

The Home is an industrial school, the housework, sewing and everything being

done by classes in turn. It has been named "The McFarland Home." The Indian women, by the way, sew beautifully.

After we came up here I gave my Stickeen girl, Kittie (whom I brought with me from the McFarland Home), some handkerchiefs to hem, some with the portraits of our President and Vice-President, which I intended as presents to the Chilcat chiefs, and I know that few white girls at her age would have done the work so well. I also cut out a new dress for her, and she made the skirt very nicely. By the last steamer she sent to "Dear Mrs. McFarland" a letter which I wish you could have seen, written in a plain hand, in simple yet dignified language, with not a word misspelled except my name.

There are a good many flowers about the house, and between the Home and the very neat church-building is quite a nice garden. On the other side of the church is the little cottage-home of those consecrated missionaries Dr. W. H. R. Corlies and wife. Mrs. Corlies is the daughter of a missionary to China, and a more beautiful soul

than hers I never recognized. I loved her from the first. Dr. Corlies, although not a graduate of either medical or theological school, has studied in both, and was ordained as a missionary. They came out in June of 1879, from Philadelphia, with their one little boy of eight or ten years; they have now a dear little baby-girl. These, with the Rev. S. Hall Young and wife, make up the mission force at Wrangell, where is the only organized evangelical church in Alaska.

Here in Sitka a great work has been done, and is going on. In looking over the field I am impressed with two things—the wonderful results already accomplished and the infinitely greater work yet to be done. It is word by word and word upon word; it is in some sense like the work of the blacksmith, under whose hammer the iron constantly cools. Over and over again it must go to the forge, and the hammer must know no rest.

Rev. John G. Brady was the first gentleman sent out by a Board to Alaska. He came here in the spring of 1878. Some

time after, Miss Kellogg joined him as the teacher of the school, and had not been here more than six months when she went to Wrangell as the wife of Rev. Mr. Young. Soon after, Mr. Brady resigned the charge of the mission. Mr. Alonzo E. Austin, a friend of Mr. Brady's in New York, came here for his health, and after the breaking up of the mission opened a school for the Russian children, which he carried on until the arrival of his family, about a year ago. Then it was transferred to the hands of his second daughter, the elder daughter having brought with her a commission as teacher to the Indians. Rev. G. W. Lyons and wife were then sent as missionaries to this station. They stayed but a year, when, on account of ill-health, they were obliged to return to California. Soon after, Mr. Austin received a teacher's commission also, he and his daughter being the force here at present.

During our stay my husband preaches in the custom-house on the Sabbath, and we have prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings. Mr. Austin seems to be abun-

dantly qualified for the work here, and I hope he will be ordained and given charge of this station. He was a mission-worker in New York City for many years. He has a power really remarkable in adapting himself, his thoughts and his words to the condition of the Indians. They seem to like him very much, and he and his daughter have inaugurated a work which already has done much good, and promises so much more that I would like to see them carry it on.

This leads me to speak of the boys' Home at Sitka, which is only started and numbers twenty-three boys, with others pleading to be taken in. But until the support of some of the scholars is guaranteed by friends in the favored "East," Mr. Austin fears to incur more risks in debt; so the poor little fellows are sent back into the haunts of sin and vice which they have learned to hate. It was in this way the Home originated. Some of the boys attending the day-school begged to be allowed to stay in the building overnight, saying they were obliged to see and hear wicked things in their homes,

and the folks drank hoochinoo and caroused all night; so that they could neither sleep nor study, and overslept themselves in the morning, making them late to school. They were at length taken in, and others pleaded for the same privilege; so the Home began, and was named by the missionaries "Sheldon Jackson Institute," after Dr. Jackson, who was not only the first American minister to visit this section in the interests of missions, but has also become the "father of Alaska missions" by his success in securing both missionaries and funds for the work.

You must hear of the work of Captain Henry Glass, of the U. S. S. Jamestown, which has been stationed here for two or three years. Captain Glass succeeded Captain L. A. Beardslee last summer. It is not often that the government sends out a missionary, but they have sent one in this young commander, and in his lieutenant, Mr. F. M. Symonds. His first move was to abolish hoochinoo. He made it a crime to sell, buy or drink it, or any intoxicating drinks. He prevailed upon the traders to

sell no molasses to Indians in quantities, so that they could not make drink. He issued orders in regard to the cleaning up of the ranche (the Indian quarters), which was filthy in the extreme and had been the scene of nightly horrors of almost every description, the yells seeming, as some have said, to come from the infernal regions, murder being of common occurrence and the town filled with cripples. He appointed a police force from the Indians themselves, dressed them in navy-cloth, with "Jamestown" in large gilt letters on their caps and a silver star on their breast. He made education compulsory in this way: The houses were all numbered, and the children of each house. Each child was given a little round tin plate on which was marked his number, thus: "House No. 17, Boy No. 5." These plates were worn on a string about the neck. As soon as the children come into school they are registered. Whoever failed to send their children to school were fined a blanket. As soon as they discovered that the captain was in earnest they submitted, and I believe

no blanket has been forfeited since the first week. Now, if any are going off on a fishing-tour, the head of the house comes and explains why his children will be absent and for how long. In this way the school attendance has been doubled, the highest being two hundred and seventy-one; this is the mission day-school.

The Indians, not being able to spend their money for hoochinoo, spend it for food and clothing. Most of the women are clothed right neatly in calico dresses, which they make themselves and keep very clean; their blankets, which are the universal outside garment, are as white as snow, those that are not dyed. Some of the latter are very handsome. I have seen several of a beautiful navy-blue with a stripe of crimson, on each side of which was a close scale-row of pearl buttons; the stripe passed round the neck and down the front. An orange-colored silk handkerchief on the head and a pair of light-colored moccasins complete the outfit. Their blankets are worn with peculiar grace, a party of Indians making a most picturesque group.

They all wear jewelry and prefer silver to gold. Some of the women wear as many as a dozen pair of bracelets at once. They are generally made of coin beaten out and beautifully engraved. They cost from one dollar and a half per pair to five dollars, the price varying according to the width and weight.

The ranche has been cleaned, white-washed and drained. Some pleasant new houses are being put up, and all is peaceful and quiet where a few months ago it was a place of strife. But the work did not stop there: the whole town has been renovated; bad Indians sent to the guard-house were put to work; streets have been cleaned, trees planted, a sea-wall built, the common made tidy, etc.

The boys who are staying at the school had boarded themselves, but a room has been fixed up a little for them; they had a tin box-lid tacked up for a looking-glass. This was in the old barracks building where Mr. Austin's are living. Captain Glass had the school removed to another government building, quite large, and in a beautiful lo-

cation down the beach. An effort is being made now to secure it out and out to the mission. They have been promised the free use of it as long as they occupy it. There is a large and good garden attached, from which, it is hoped, they will have a considerable income over and above supplying the Home with vegetables. The captain had the building whitewashed and fixed up generally—had the ship's carpenter make the bunks for the boys, and benches, tables, etc. In fact, he has seemed to turn the crew into a mission force, he and his young wife at the head working with their own hands and encouraging in every way the earnest and devoted teachers. So now this staying overnight of a few boys has developed into a boys' boarding and industrial school. They do their own work, even sewing now, under the ship's tailor, on a second suit of clothes for themselves of cotton-jean. They and the outside children attend school together in the morning, and on Sabbath morning service is held in the schoolroom there for the Indians. I could not keep back the

tears of joy, when I attended their meeting, to hear these children, who but a few months ago were in savage darkness, now sitting with bright, eager faces listening to the tidings which have gladdened so many hearts, and in their turn repeating as with one voice the Ten Commandments and the beautiful assurances of God's love, such as "God so loved the world," etc.; then, with sweetly solemn voices, their hands clasped and heads reverently bowed, they prayed together in the Lord's words. I never before heard the prayer repeated so beautifully. And still there is so much to do; only a beginning has been made. The great house, after all, is very barren, cold and damp, and the boys do not have bedclothes to keep them warm. They, so far, have found their own blankets, but they are insufficient, and one poor little fellow has none. The weather never gets warm here. We have fire every day and sleep under clothing almost as heavy as in winter at home; so that, at least before winter comes, these boys ought to have some comfortables.

Another opportunity for kind hearts and willing hands is the sick-room in the Home. It is a dark, bleak, barren room containing only two cots and a stool or two—no warm comforts, not even a rug for the floor, and without curtains for the windows and pictures for bare walls. There is a dear little fellow, named Lawrence, in the school, who has an abscess, and the doctor says that he cannot live more than two years. Soon, I fear, he will be confined to this miserable room. How nice it would be if some of those who have beautiful rooms at home could spare something to beautify this! He is a very bright, sweet-faced, patient boy, and Mr. Austin says he has just to pull him back from work, although he is so thin and weak.

The schoolroom is very pleasant. Miss Austin and I colored some Bible scenes for the walls; the walls and ceiling were painted white, with a blue cornice. Mrs. Beardslee presented some pretty blue calico, which we made into curtains for that room. In it, also, is the organ, and they expect to furnish the windows with plants.

CARVED IMPLEMENTS.

1. An ancient stone axe. 2, 3. Bones used in setting a trap for fur-animals. 4, 5, 6. Spoon-handles made of horn.

Another thing I meant to speak of: the Indians, and particularly our tribe, do beautiful work in carving in bracelets of silver, and in spoons and forks of wood and bone, and in weaving from the inner bark of trees baskets, table-mats, hats, etc., which are not only very pretty, but very durable; and we wish very much to encourage every industry among them, and to develop every talent. We feel the necessity of their becoming an industrious people, that they may become a good people. I intend to design some things for them after a while, and to offer rewards for designing among themselves. We would like to have an outlet for this work. There is an almost endless variety. They are very quick at copying. The large basket which they use for carrying water makes a good waste-paper basket.

I have not spoken of the language. It is very difficult, but the Sitka, Stickeen and Chilcat tribes speak the same. I have been studying some with Kittie, and have quite a number of words; but oh, it is so hard to be tongue-tied when the heart is full!

We are eagerly expecting Dr. Jackson

by steamer California next week, after which we hope to have a party with us to Chilcat; so that the next letter will tell you of a field which heretofore has been unoccupied by any mission.

And now, with loving remembrances for all, and prayer for mutual blessings in this great work, I am

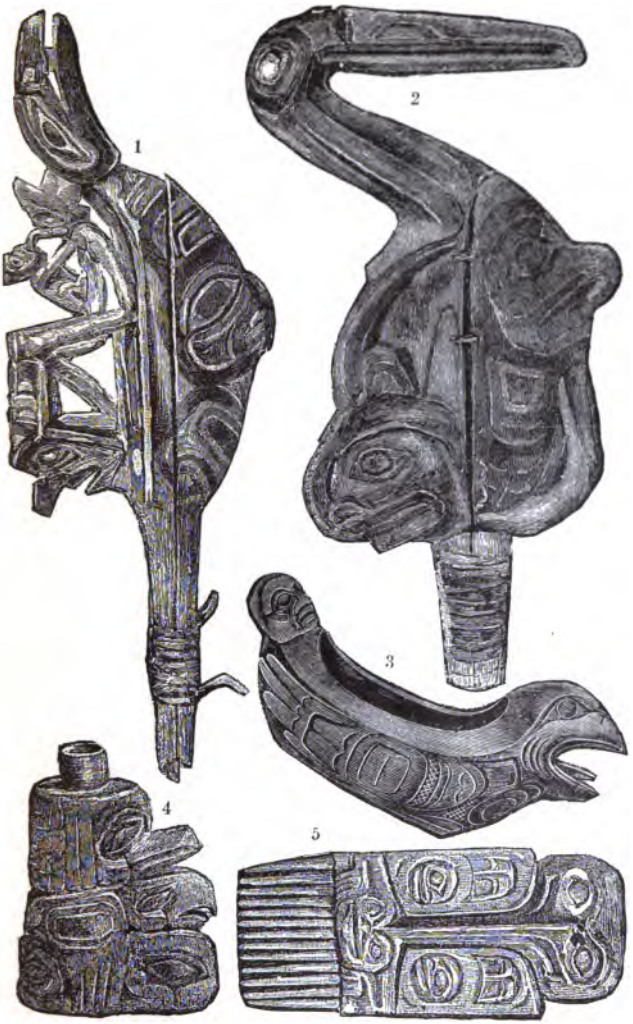
Truly your friend,

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

July 8.—Chilcat is some two hundred and twenty-five miles north of this place, through Chatham Straits. The steamer leaves in forty-eight hours, and we go with her as far as the mines. Dr. Sheldon Jackson is aboard, with carpenters and lumber for the building of the mission house, which we hope to occupy before long. . . .

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, August 23, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In the beginning, a word to friends old and young who had part or parcel in the work of sending the



CARVED IMPLEMENTS.

1, 2. Chilcat rattles. 3. Wooden bowl. 4. Wooden pipe. 5. Wooden comb.

singing-books* which arrived last evening by the man-of-war Wachusette. How we do thank you all for your prompt kindness! We feel so strong—that is, your ready action in this matter has made us feel that we have your interest, your love and your prayers. And, as we said to each other when we opened the books last night, "Oh how good it will seem to sing from books that our home-friends have sent!" It seems good even to have them in the house.

And now where shall I begin to tell you of all you wish to know of our work? You know we expected to live in a tent till we could put up for ourselves a log house. Well, we should have done so had it not been for Dr. Sheldon Jackson's wise and unselfish zeal. Instead of waiting until some one proffered the means, he had faith in the loving interest of the Church at large to redeem the pledge he might make, and borrowed money on his own responsibility to erect buildings for the mission both

* Donated by the society of the First Presbyterian Church of New Castle, Pennsylvania.

here and at Hoonyah. Then, as the mere mechanical part of building was no simple problem so far from supplies, he brought his own experience to bear personally upon it, and with his carpenters worked with his own hands on our pretty home here. He also brought us a bell—the gift of Mrs. C. H. Langdon of Elizabeth, New Jersey—which is the first Presbyterian bell in Alaska; and oh how sweet it sounds! Just a perfect Presbyterian tone! I can never give expression to the feelings it aroused when I first heard the waves of its solemn music in the solitude of Alaska. It is such a help to us! Twice every Sabbath it brings the natives together to hear the good news, and on every weekday but Saturday to a Christian school. Dr. Jackson expects, on his return to the States, to solicit funds with which to pay for our building.

And now as to our field and work here. I would like to give you a clear idea of it. You have heard of the British mission, under the care of Mr. Duncan, who has built up the model Christian Indian village of

CHILCAT BASKETS AND HORN SPOON.

Met-lah-kat-lah, British Columbia. It is with something of the same plan in mind that we have located our mission on Portage Bay, where there is no permanent Indian house, and named it, after the secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, "Haines." In our Chilcat country there are four villages—three on Chilcat River, and one on the Chilcoot River. Each of these villages has its chief or chiefs and medicine-men, each its distinct nobility, and each its own interests and jealousies of all the others. So, you see, had we built at any one of these places, we would in some measure come into antagonism with the others. We would, in their eyes, be allying ourselves with that particular people, and the others would be too proud to come under their hand. As it is, Portage Bay is a beautiful and safe harbor almost at the head of Chilcoot Inlet, the eastern arm of Lynn Channel. The point of land here between the Chilcat River and the channel is the largest level tract, and the most fertile that we have seen anywhere in Alaska, and will afford

ample farming-ground for the people. They all regard it as our place and so speak of it, and have promised in all the villages to come to "the minister's place" and build new houses where they can learn something good. They have visited us, and one and all have expressed their joy at our arrival and their own intention to come and build here as soon as the winter stores of fish and berries are secured.

Besides our own house here, there are buildings put up by the trading company, one occupied by them as a trading-post, the other purchased by the mission Board for school purposes. It is sixteen by thirty feet, of rough and knotty up-and-down boards, without chimneys, with four small windows, which cannot be opened, and one small door, and so frail that I fear it will scarcely stand one good winter storm, for it shakes with walking down the steps. The rafters above have been covered with cheese-cloth whitewashed, which flaps up and down like a sail every time the door is opened. There are so many holes in the shingles that on a sunshiny day this

whited canopy presents the appearance of the starry heavens, so flecked with sunlight. It will perhaps do for a year or two.

The company's store is kept by their agent, George Dickinson, an American, whose wife is a Tsimpsean Indian woman who went to school to Mr. Duncan and was converted there. It was she who was working in a little school of their own with Clah in Fort Wrangell when Dr. Jackson and Mrs. McFarland went there, in 1877. After their arrival she acted as interpreter, until, just a year ago, her husband was sent here by the company, and she was commissioned by the Board to open a school for the Chilcats. She is a very good woman, I think, and has done well under the circumstances. We shall soon need a teacher of larger scope. She is retained for the present as teacher under Mr. Willard, and interpreter.

We opened the school on Monday, the 8th of August, after Dr. Jackson left, with twenty-four pupils. Some days since we have had twenty-eight, but only four reg-

ular ones. The others came in as they crossed the trail. There are a few bark booths, where they stop when they come to trade. But on every Sabbath canoe-loads come from the villages, and we have always had from forty-five to fifty in attendance. Monday five other canoes came in for church, having missed a day; we taught them in our home. These are principally from Chilcoot and the lower villages. The others are too far away, and the people too busy, except in the uppermost, where they have been hindered by war. We have now their promises of peace, and that the people will come down soon. We are hoping to commence regular work by the first of October. We have scarcely breathing-time now. We hope to visit all the villages before that time.

We have already made the trip to Chilcoot, and I must tell you about it. The chief, Don-a-wok, of the lower village, has a large canoe, and one day he sent a messenger up to ask us to go out with him on the bay. We gladly consented, and at sunset we pushed off with eight paddles. We

MISSION AT HAINES, ALASKA.

had a delightful time, singing the while, at the chief's request, some gospel hymns. He offered also the service of his boat to take us to Chilcoot; so the next day I spent in preparing lunch for the party, and on the second morning, bright and early, we set sail and dipped paddle for Chilcoot, thirty-two souls comfortably seated, and still room for as many more. Putting into a little bay below the rapids, we left the boat and took the trail to the village, about a mile distant, which we reached about noon, and where we found the news of our coming had preceded us long enough for the chiefs to have everything in readiness. We were conducted to the house of the head-chief, who is also a medicine-man, and were received with the greatest kindness.

The house was exceedingly neat, the hard, burnished boards of the floor being white and clean. Sand was sprinkled over the fireplace, in the centre. We mounted the high steps outside to a low-arched doorway, passing through which we found ourselves on a little platform, from which two or three steps led down to a second plat-

form, of greater breadth, extending around the entire building. Two or three feet from its edge was hung tent-cloth, curtaining in sleeping- and store-rooms on the two sides. The end of the room opposite the door, back of the fireplace, is the seat of honor.

INTERIOR OF A CHILCAT HOUSE.
From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

In this case it consisted of chests of some kind covered with white muslin. Back of it, ranged on a platform, were the treasures in crockery, some half a dozen large washbowls and a neat platter.

As we entered, the chief sat in state on a small chest at one side of the fireplace, robed in a pair of blue pantaloons, a clean pink calico shirt, and falling in graceful folds about him a navy-blue blanket with a border of handsome crimson cloth edged with a row of large pearl buttons. In his hair, which is quite crimped and curling about his high forehead and hangs down his back like the tail of a horse (for they are not permitted ever to comb or to plait it), was arranged the whole skin of a little white ermine. On the platform just above him sat his wife with a similar blanket about her and a great many silver bracelets on her arms. They showed us to our seats and gave expression in both smiles and words to their pleasure at our coming. Our entire party occupied the honorable end of the room, but we only had the seats.

The old chief said he was so glad that the minister had come at last! He wished it might have been when he was boy; now he was old, he was soon to go down to death, but he could go now more happily,

knowing that his people would now have light. He wished that the white man liked Indian's food; then he would show us how they loved us. He had salmon-berries: would we eat some of those? We consented, and a servant brought the wash-bowls before the chief's wife, who with her hands filled up the bowls with the beautiful berries. The first was borne to us, set down on the floor before us, the next to Don-a-wok and Mrs. Dickinson, the others severally to groups of Indians in our party seated on the floor. We took up our bowls, and after grace began to eat with our fingers. By this time a great many of the people had gathered in. Mr. Willard spoke to them for half an hour, after which, with singing and prayer, we took our departure.

We then looked about the village, the houses of which are ranged along the bluff and about the rapids. Running out from the walk in front of the dwellings are trellises for drying salmon. Great piles had already been put away, yet more were drying. Below these, nearer the water, they were

making fish-oil in their wooden canoes. At first, when I saw the boiling mass of fish, I wondered how they kept the canoe from burning. Then I remembered that the fire was not under the canoe, but under a great altar-like mound of stones, which, being made red hot, were dropped into the canoe of fish. Out in the water were the ingenious salmon-traps, where they take such immense quantities of this fine fish as they come up the river at this season of the year to spawn. Then, after a look at the beautiful lake, of which the river is the outlet, we, Mr. Willard and myself, with our interpreter, took the chief's canoe, and, with two Indians to pole, we "shot" the rapids, seated one before the other in the bottom of the narrow boat, a hand on either side to steady us. I sat with my back to the head of the canoe, and saw the dangers only to be thankful that we had escaped them, while Mrs. Dickinson, turned the other way and seeing always the rock we were to split upon, kept uttering little cries of alarm; but it was only for a few minutes, and we reached the landing-place. We had a good dinner

on a beautiful beach, then took the paddles for home, singing most of the way, our bodies full of weariness, but our hearts full of peace. Soon after nightfall we found ourselves at our own little home again.

But my letter is already too long, although I have not told you half that I wished; and I must say "Farewell," with the prayer that your little society may continue to grow in interest and influence. . . .

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, August 27, 1881.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.—

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: I cannot refrain from dropping you a note of thanks, although words are too feeble to express our appreciation of what you have done in our behalf; in God's hands, you have done everything for us.

In the first place, you gained for us our hearts' desire—the appointment to preach glad tidings to the Chilcats. You advised and encouraged us by the way. We left home with the expectation of living in a tent until we could by our own labor put

up a log house. This exposure your loving zeal and wise energy has prevented by taking upon your own shoulders a burden which, I trust, will soon be removed by an interested people at home—the financial burden, I mean, for you have borne so much more than that in the planning and erection of the building which has given us such a comfortable home in this far-away land.

Your coming with us, too, and introducing us to the very chiefs to whom you first had promised a teacher years ago, has, I am sure, been most advantageous to the beginning of our work here, and your counsel and advice most helpful and comforting to us.

That God may bless you more and more abundantly in your labors of love is the prayer with thanksgiving of your grateful sister in Christ, CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, August 24, 1881.

Oh what a precious budget this big ship (U. S. S. Wachusette) has brought us!—

books, papers and letters comforting and helpful. We have so much enjoyed them *all*. . . .

I often realize the meaning of the Scripture "And a little child shall lead them," for truly our baby is a large element in the Chilcat mission force. For instance: The first day after our arrival here the children flocked in to see us. I had Baby on my lap, washing and combing her hair. The little Indians first shyly showed their black-and-red-painted faces at a little crack of the door after having taken a survey of the inside premises through a knot-hole. Baby smiled at them with me, holding her wee thumb and first finger closely pinched together with a kiss. I had Kittie tell them that she was kissing them, and so Baby won their first smile; and they crept by slow degrees close up to us, watching the washing-and-combing process with open-mouthed interest.

After they had become thoroughly absorbed and I had put on Baby her pretty white apron, I had Kittie tell them that this was my little baby, that she (Kittie) was my

big girl, and that they all were my children. Just as I kept my little baby I wanted *all* my children kept—nice and clean. Had they ever seen a comb like that? No, they never had; so, after grouping them as they belonged—in families—I gave to each group a good fine comb. You should have seen their faces! Such a study as they were! So full of wonder and of pleasure! For a moment they stood perfectly still, then with one accord ran out of the door and away.

In the course of fifteen minutes they began to reappear by twos and threes with faces ruddy and resplendent—the paint had been so hastily and so vigorously removed—and the hair, which had for the first time been brought into contact with a comb, standing on end as with utter astonishment. Again were their faces a study—an expression of a newly-awakened self-respect and a certain pride which held its own while it sought approval in my eyes as they ranged themselves before me with happy dropped eyelids. Of course I gave expression to my delight, and had them all sit down on the

floor beside me while I told them of Jesus and taught them that sweet little hymn,

> "Oh, I am so glad
> That our Father in heaven," etc.

Thus the work began. From that day to this I have never seen the faces of those children painted, and day after day they regularly, of their own accord, presented themselves to show me that they had combed their hair.

I have been so interested, too, in the effect of Baby's sweet face and winning ways on strangers who have come to us from the more distant villages. I have seen them enter with questioning, distrustful and suspicious faces, and in a very few minutes melt into a perfectly restful enjoyment of the situation and go away with frank expression of their friendship and of pleasure at our coming. One old woman from the upper village had been waiting about the door outside, I know not how long, until I left the room for a moment; then, slipping in, she sat down on the floor beside Baby and placed before her a basket

of luscious berries. There she sat when I came out, not daring to raise her head, but smiling softly to herself. Going up, I knelt down beside her and took her hand, telling her in strong Kling-get that I was glad to see her. She slowly looked up, and there was such a glad light in her face as she took my hand in both hers and, patting it softly, said something to me which Kittie interpreted as "My child, my child." Then she told me that she had never seen a white woman before, and she felt afraid to come to see the minister's wife, but she wanted so much to come that she came with a present to the dear little baby. Now she was afraid no more; she saw a friend's face.

So I might go on telling you of Baby's work here, but you want to hear of something else, and time is so short for so much to be done.

We had a letter from Dr. Jackson by this vessel saying that his mail had brought him the good news that a lady in Ohio had given one thousand dollars for our building here. Thus the Lord is providing.

And now you will be anxious to hear

of peace prospects for Chilcat. I think that I may say they are favorable. As I told you in my last, the head-chief, Shat-e-ritch, was quite ill, and sent for and received of us medicines which seemed to do him much good. On last Sabbath afternoon he came over the trail while we were holding services; afterward he came into our home. He looked about very suspiciously and seemed ill at ease. We showed him our house and its appointments; then I had him sit at the table and take supper with us. The beans, or something, seemed to find the way to his heart; and then his heart came to his lips, and he told us that he had been told of bad things we said of him. We explained all satisfactorily, and he went away apparently in the best humor and with the kindest feeling, asking me to take his daughter for my own and train her up to be a good and wise woman. This last I declined to answer affirmatively as yet. He gave us word that there was no actual fighting when he left; that most of the people were anxious to have it settled, so that they could come down here to

school; that he had a long time prevented their fighting and they had promised to settle after the officer of the Jamestown came, but the day after the missionary left the "Murderer" (as he had long been called by the people) shot his own friend—one of the nobility, leaving only four—and that made the hearts of all the people sick, so that they had no strength and he wanted to say nothing to them. He had nothing to do with the fighting, only tried to prevent it, and didn't like the man-of-war to come and talk so much with him about it. He wanted them to come and deal with those who fought and caused the fight. We explained to him that it was because he was for peace, and was a wiser man than the fighters, that the officers wished to speak to him. He left for Chilcoot to buy oil for winter, returning yesterday, when we had another call from him.

In the mean time, the Wachusette steamed along and cast anchor in our harbor. At first the Indians seemed frightened and suspicious. We rang a salute with our mission bell. The officers came ashore

and to our house; then it grieved my heart to see the changed faces of our poor people. So ignorant and so fearful, how their countenances were changed toward me! I looked in vain for the warm, bright welcoming smile as I passed among them: they were suspicious of us, and averted their faces. But by degrees they were again inspired with confidence in the officers and in us. We assured the people that they were come as friends to all who would do right. The captain invited them on board ship, and by and by flocks of canoes from the villages visited it, and all became friends.

Captain Edward P. Lull had a conversation with Shat-e-ritch and sent for other counselors, who have not yet arrived. If they come in time for a talk to-night, the vessel will leave early in the morning.

While Shat-e-ritch was in Chilcoot, and before the steamer came, a party arrived from the upper Chilcat village with the word that peace was made, the satisfaction had been paid, and all were glad but one desperate man, who would never be satis-

fied. We cannot tell as yet just how true this report may be.

On the other hand, that Sitka affair is not considered as settled by the friends of the man who was injured and committed suicide in the prison. You remember I told you about it before; he had killed the man who took his wife, and because of the overwhelming disgrace took his own life. He was of the higher class of the lower village people, and the chief, Don-a-wok, is going to Sitka for satisfaction. He bought a large Hydah canoe to make the trip in. He also intends to bring back with him as wife the daughter of the Hoochinoo chief. She is quite young, we hear, while he is a great, stalwart, dignified, and withal a fine-looking, old man, of perhaps fifty. His nephew, Cla-not, who will succeed him as chief, is one of those who accompanied Dr. Jackson on his trip to Fort Simpson, and to whom was first promised a missionary. He also was about the first to meet, recognize and welcome Dr. Jackson here.

These men are both interested in the

Sitka affair, as the man was a relative of theirs. They both are very friendly to us. We have had many talks, particularly with the older man, and last Sabbath Mr. Willard preached to him on "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither," etc. I had a long talk with him the other day. He has been very much interested, as have all the people, in our house. I asked him if he were going to bring his new wife up here. Yes, he said; he was going to sit down by the minister. Then I said, "I suppose you will build a new house like the white man's?" Yes, if he could get the lumber, he wanted to have an "upstairs." He wanted Dr. Jackson to help him. I told him Mr. Willard would help him all he could in telling about the lumber and what he needed, and then I would show his wife how to arrange it nicely inside. I asked him if he were not going to marry his wife the Christian way, and explained to him how that was and what it meant: one only and as long as life lasts; that he must take care of his wife as his own life, and she the same for him; no more two—always one.

He seemed delighted, and said he would bring her and be married the Christian way. I promised him that it should be in our pretty sitting-room. His first wife has been dead a long time, and he seems to be honest and upright.

Cla-not is a splendid man physically and of good ability. He is the only man, however, whom I know that has three wives; one who is much older than himself he married for her wisdom. They are in the lower village. The only thing in the way of his coming at once to build here is that an uncle died leaving a house partly built, and it is a great point of honor among them that the next male relative should take up the work—with all the giving of gifts and feasting which it entails—and finish the house, that it may stand as a monument to the memory of the deceased; so Cla-not has this to do. Then, he says, he will come over here.

At present, besides our buildings and the trade-store shed, there are but a few bark booths and one open log hut—merely stopping-places for the Indians when they

come to trade—but these are crowded, and many more people will be here as soon as the winter's food is cured. I have much to tell you of their manner of doing this. You wouldn't want any of it.

There is something so delightful and comfortable in the coming of our American men-of-war on errands of peace! It is certainly a part of the fulfillment of prophecy. The captain, Edward P. Lull, of this vessel, who our weak faith feared would not be a worthy successor of Captain Glass, is a Christian gentleman, and, I think, desirous of aiding the good work. We like all the officers very much. The ship-surgeon, Dr. Parker, is from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; we at once claimed kinship with him.

Will you please send me those *Evangelists* and Sunday-school papers, as you are through with them? The latter are prized very highly by the people. We like to give them one on Sunday; and if you have any little things which would help us in making Christmas a day to be remembered by the Indians, we would be glad to have them

sent by mail. Perhaps we would be able to get them if sent soon. We shall need some clothing, too—some shoes and stockings; for some of the people are poor, and Mrs. Dickinson says they came to school in the snow last winter in their bare feet with only an old blanket around them. . . .

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, September 12, 1881.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.: So much has occurred since we last wrote you that I despair of giving you a very full account. Don-a-wok, the chief, returned to his village last evening—so messengers tell us—but his heart is so sad that he could not come to us himself to-day; for, although his errand to Sitka was a prosperous one, the Sitka Indians paying many blankets and Chinese trunks for the life of his friend, and while he had taken many more with him from home, yet he had not enough to satisfy the demand made as an honorable gift for his promised wife, and he was forced to come back without her. We are all sorry, for we

had hoped much as a result of his example in marrying and making a home before this people. But it must be best somehow. It is God's work, and he will do and allow to be done what will further his own glory: that is a comfort.

We have made our anticipated tour of the villages, starting out on Thursday, the 1st of September, and returning home on Tuesday of the next week. We at first intended to come back on Saturday, and took with us only provision for that time. In addition, we carried our blankets, etc. We found that at high tide a canoe could be brought quite inland, within a mile of our house, by a little winding stream, which after a really labyrinthine course at length found its way to the great river Chilcat; so I felt brave, in my short flannel dress, to undertake the tramp, especially as there were no Indians at hand to carry us.

Billy Dickinson had taken his little canoe across the trail early in the morning, and at noon, after an early lunch, we took up the march, Baby going on before with Billy,

Sam and Mr. Willard, each with his pack, Kittie with a little bundle, Mrs. Dickinson s two little Indians with her luggage, and she and I bringing only our own selves. It was a beautiful day, cool and bright, and such a walk I never had before. The scenery was of almost bewildering beauty.

I longed to stop only to enjoy it the more, yet new features constantly urged us forward. Now the scene was in the tropics, great-leaved plants and ferns, both delicate and monstrous, fruit, flowers and vines on every side, alders dipping their graceful boughs into still and shady waters, while the great dark pines all festooned with moss, like the real Florida moss, overshadowed the whole. Again, the trail led into beautiful pasture-land with clumps of trees so like the home fruit trees that it made my heart jump. We crossed Mr. Willard's hay-field where the sweet-smelling hay stood in cocks awaiting the completion of the goat-house we are building of logs.

At last we struck the stream, just wide enough at first for the canoe, which was a

frail, shaky little thing. Billy took the prow and paddle; Mrs. Dickinson the stern, and steered. I sat flat in the bottom of the middle of the canoe, and I had work enough before we reached the village. There was a strong wind and the water was very rough, as here the river becomes quite wide—a mile and a half. The big waves shipped us plenty of sea, and, as we sometimes struck them, our crazy little boat yawed quite perceptibly. It kept me busy dipping to keep her afloat. I was thankful that Baby was safe with her father, as the others had all kept the trail.

After a tedious voyage we reached the lower village at about five o'clock P. M., wet to the skin and chilled. The trailers had arrived some time before us, and, although Don-a-wok was away, his servant-girl had opened and swept out his house for us; freshly-washed gravel lay on the hearth, and she was just lighting a fire. I soon exchanged my wet clothes for good dry ones I had brought with me, then set about getting our supper. Presents of fish and berries began to come in, and we had an

abundant meal. Then came a good little feather-bed for me, and the people began to flock in, eager to see and hear. We had about sixty-five Indians present, and gave them a service.

We slept on the floor about the great central fire, with the stars shining down on us through the many openings in the roof; for it is a rickety old house and small—not at all like the chief's in Chilcoot. A perfect gale blew before morning, and it seemed as though the timbers, which are tied together by thongs and bark, would certainly blow in upon us; but I judge they have stood many a stronger storm. We hired two large canoes next day to take us to the upper villages.

This canoeing is an experience, I assure you. The canoe is hewn from a single tree, so quite narrow for its length. It is admirably adapted to these waters, but very unsteady. We all sit single file, flat in the bottom of the boat.

The first part of the way we went bravely with full sails, afterward very laboriously, the Indians poling at times, and again wad-

ing and dragging the canoe. The water is very shallow in places and the current fearful.

We reached the first village about seven o'clock in the evening, hungry, cold and tired, not knowing what quarters we might find for the night; but the Lord provided. The people were very busy with their salmon, and their houses were very crowded with it and the strangers who had come up the river to fish, but there was a fine large house in course of erection. It had the boards or planks fastened together on the four sides, the roof as yet consisting of the rafters; the turf, all fresh and green, formed the floor; windows we had no need of, and there was a place for a door. It was cordially opened to us, and we soon had a most generous fire blazing in the midst.

The owner of the house was so pleased to have us occupy his new house that he sent in wash-bowls full of berries and fish-oil, also fresh salmon, and we again partook of a bountiful supper. But cooking by such a fire is slow work, particularly when subject to so many interruptions as

the traveling missionary has; so, after it and the many greetings and little speeches, we were too weary to do more than sing them a hymn and bid them come to an early-morning meeting. Our Indians reared their sails on their poles against the side of the building, these forming a shed for our blankets, and there we found refreshing sleep, not disturbed by the odors of an old Indian house.

Next morning, after an early breakfast of salmon roasted on a stick, bread, butter and coffee, we had a sunrise meeting of about seventy-five Indians, who gave almost breathless attention. Then, bidding them good-bye, receiving their hearty thanks with expressions of joy at our coming, and after urging them again to come to our place and build where they could have school and regular service, we once more took our canoe, with borrowed poles of stronger make than our own—for the rapids lay before us—and we were soon on our way to Clok-won, the uppermost village, not knowing what awaited us, for we had learned on the way that the trou-

ble, which had been smoothed over in the presence of the man-of-war, had broken out again, and that the people were in the midst of war.

We felt the greater necessity of hastening forward, trusting that the Lord, who brought us hither, would give us the ears and hearts of the people; and we did not trust in vain. Oh how thankful we have been that we did thus go on! We found the people in trouble, and we brought them comfort; we found them warring, and we brought them peace. We found one poor man on the brink of murder and suicide, and he assured us that our coming had saved him from this double sin; that his heart was broken and he was in the deep dark, but the minister's coming had brought him hope and light.

We found Clok-won by far the largest Indian village we have seen in Alaska, as well as the richest and most substantially built, many of the houses being elegant in their way. The carvings in many of them are worth thousands of blankets. Three of the largest of these houses belong to

Shat-e-ritch, and the largest and costliest one he has given to the mission; in it we held our service on Sunday. The next in value to it (the chief's treasure-house) was made our lodging-place. We found many of the houses turned into forts, and barricades in plenty.

There are four distinct tribal families—the Wolves and Whales, which are nearly connected and of low caste; the Crows and Cinnamon Bears, of high caste and connected in like manner by intermarriages. It is not lawful for those of the same family to intermarry, though a man may have a woman and her daughter both to wife.

The war has been between the Whales, of low caste, and the Crows, of high; hence the much aggravated trouble, one Crow being worth many Whales. And, of all the people, the Whales have most of our pity and sympathy. They are weak in numbers and comparatively poor in purse. They are afraid to move out of their houses, and are literally prisoners in their own homes, almost every one of which has been made

desolate. Signs of mourning are on every hand; the beautiful hair of the women is cut close to the head and their faces are blackened; the carvings covered with red matting; the box and moccasins of their dead placed on a shelf over the door from which they went out never to return.

We held a separate meeting for them in the afternoon, as they could not come to the other, in the same house where the whole trouble began; it was riddled with bullet-holes. The very spots were pointed out to us where this one, that one and another had been shot down.

First, the eldest son murdered a Crow; he ran away to the Stick country. The Crows retaliated. Then the second son made some show of revenge; they demanded his life, and his wife, who was a Crow, defended and protected him. The poor old mother's heart was broken with sorrow and shame. She called on her son to give himself up, but in vain. She even followed the first son to the interior on the same quest. Not succeeding, she returned, and, dressing themselves up in their best,

she and her daughter went out and demanded to be shot, that the honor of their family might be maintained; so they perished at the hands of the Crows. But they two were not sufficient to satisfy the claim, and at last the son came to the door and gave himself up; but his wife still clung to him. They have a terror of disfigurement even in death, and she begged that he be allowed to descend to the foot of the steps, that his body might not fall and be bruised. The Crows suspected her of treachery in this move, as she had so long shielded him, and they shot her down where she stood, although she was a Crow. I believe her husband was afterward killed.

When we entered the house, I think I never met a more desolate sight. Dirt, cobwebs, ashes and implements of warfare lay all about; a few half-dead coals lay on the unkept hearth, and the only remaining member of the household sat on the floor beside it, his head on his knees and an old hat drawn over it—a young man, but one who had evidently lost the hope and power of youth. There, into that house, we

brought the gospel of light and peace. Bless God, as we did, for such a message.

A way was opened for us to a man in one of the forts upon whose death or recovery hangs the settlement of the matter between the tribes. We found him very sick, and ministered to him as best we could, as to both temporal and spiritual things.

A Crow family had lost a son by death after a short illness, and they had just returned from the burning of the body when we arrived. We brought them word of that world to them so full of mystery, and of the life to come.

The Crows are powerful, rich, arrogant and exceedingly overbearing—at least, some of them are, especially when they have hoochinoo. As a poor Wolf told us, they robbed and ruined their homes and murdered their families, then taunted them with being "killed like dogs and never making them pay for it," thus trying to exasperate them into completing their own ruin.

Mr. Willard preached for an hour and a half, showing them how they were living in antagonism to the great God, and must perish if they did not surrender. He told them, too, of the love of God, and how he not only demanded no satisfaction for the death of his Son, but freely gave him to save his enemies.

Shat-e-ritch is of higher caste than any other chief of the Chilcats, being a Cinnamon Bear and very rich. He occupies a neutral position in this trouble, except as he is connected with the Crows and tries to make peace, though his power does not extend over any but his own tribe. He received us first into his own house, giving us the place of honor. He soon inquired as to how long we expected to stay. Informing him that we had intended to go back that afternoon (for the current is so swift that we come down in two or three hours, when it requires one and sometimes two days to go up), we were told that the people's hearts would be too sick if we did not stay over Sunday with them; we then told him that we had no food for that time,

or we would gladly stay. He replied that Mrs. Dickinson (our interpreter) could speak for Indian or white man. She must command his house—ask for whatever we needed. His wife brought out wheat-flour and baking-powder, and made bread. They sent us in everything that we could require, and gave us new blankets and pillows for bedding, fixing us up in the treasure-house. Several other Indians brought and sent in berries and salmon at different times. They always expect a full equivalent for every gift they make; still, they give freely, and it is pleasant to receive.

On Sabbath, Shat-e-ritch called the headmen of his people together in his house to a feast for the special purpose of making Baby and me Cinnamon Bears and settling on the names they should give us. I knew nothing about it, until toward evening they brought me my name, and the presents began to pour in from all my relatives, old gray-haired men and women calling me "aunt" and calling Baby "aunt." They had given me the highest name ever held by even Cinnamon Bears—viz., "Nauk-y-

stih"—and Baby's is next in honor, being "Kling-get Sawye K-Cotz-e."

Generations ago they first saw copper; it came in bits on the wrecks of some vessels. The people prized it more than gold; it was the greatest of wonders to them. No man could get enough skins or blankets to pay for more than the least little pieces of it. Thousands of blankets were required to pay for them, and their greatest ambition was to get these bits together in a carving of the Cinnamon Bear's head, which would bind them strongly together and make one whole of the many mites. This is the meaning of my name, the Cinnamon Bear's head holding together and making one priceless treasure of these bits of copper.

I wish you could have seen them as they told me of this, gathered in that great dark house with its hundreds of carved vessels and boxes of blankets and oil, and every other Indian treasure, their strong, earnest, kindly features lighted up from within by the love they bore me, and from without by the great crackling, blazing fire in the

middle of the room. They sat about it, and I stood before them touched by this demonstration. When they were through, I answered that my heart was full; surely they were my brothers. They had told me the meaning of my name, and now I, the first white woman that had ever borne it, wished to tell them the new and even more precious meaning which I wished it to bear henceforth. All the Chilcat people were to me most priceless bits of copper. Their bitterness had kept them apart; the bits were owned by enemies. Now love was brought, enough to buy them all. They had made *me* the great Cinnamon Bear's head to bind all these precious pieces into one. Now there should be no more pieces, no more enemies, but all one, till at last the "Nauk-y-stih," with all the bits of copper which made it such a treasure, should be borne to the great Chief above. I had dear brothers at home; while I was there it was my thought always how I could do them good. So now, to my Indian brothers, came the same thought, and because they had shown their love for me I wanted to

ask them, as brothers, to help me do them the greatest good I could think of now: that was to put away that bad drink—*all* bad drinks; they knew what it had done for their village and for their homes.

God only knows how much of the seed found a fruitful soil; but oh, we have his promises, and we want to keep them close to our hearts.

We came away on Monday loaded with presents and the thanks of all the people. They even said, "We believe your God sent you here at that very hour to save us from war and death; the people would not fight when they heard the minister was coming, and now they have heard better."

We stopped a few moments, without leaving our canoes, at the middle village. Here my new relatives had heard of my great name, and came out bearing me still other presents of dried-berry cake and dried salmon.

It soon began to rain and blow. The waves tossed our canoe and the spray dashed over us, wetting the entire crew. Many times it seemed almost impossible

to reach the shore that day; but we did, and in safety.

It was too stormy to attempt crossing the bar that day; so we took up our quarters in Don-a-wok's house again, where we were sheltered from much of the wind, even though the rain did come through. We had another delightful little meeting there, and next day reached home, where we found all things safely kept for us.

We were tired, but none of us sick; all kept safe and well through storm and sea and war, and God gave us great peace. We did not take the least cold—not even Baby, who enjoyed the trip, in her way, as much as any of us. And I assure you we did enjoy it all; even danger was robbed of its terror. . . .

September 13.—Don-a-wok has been here to-day. He seemed sad, but we see great reason for rejoicing even in what seems to be a trial to him, for he is standing by his principles like a man. It seems that the bride which was to have been was willing to come with him, and all her friends were satisfied with the exception of one sister,

who demanded a slave from Don-a-wok. Now, he had owned slaves, but some time ago he, and Shat-e-ritch too, made them all free and paid them; so he refused to give a slave and lost his wife.

This trip to Sitka seems to have done all the Indians good. They saw the bright school there, old and young learning to read, and they tell us that it made them ashamed. Mr. Willard assured them that if they would only now come together and set to work they could have a school superior to that of Sitka, for they are a stronger people. They seem anxious to do so.

Don-a-wok is a chief of the Crows, but of the two lower villages; they have nothing to do with the fighting in the uppermost village. Neither do the Crows of Chilcoot, who are also very friendly to us, and very peaceable. Don-a-wok claims Mr. Willard as his brother, and is going to name him soon.

I forgot to tell you the meaning of Baby's name: it is "a *mighty city*," where all the people are exempt from sickness, sorrow and poverty—all are great.

While we were away we discovered some needs; one was a large hand-bell for calling the people together. In lieu of it, Mr. Willard and I made a tour of the village, taking it house by house, when we were ready to have them come to meeting. Oh how we wished for our flag!

Another need for our school, the Indian room also, is maps of the United States and of the world, also a globe, and an organ for our church and school. The people are very fond of music, and learn quickly the tunes we have taught them word by word and note by note, but you would hardly recognize our old familiar hymns; their voices are so strong and they sing with such a will that my voice makes no impression at all. I cannot stem such a flood, but an instrument would help this difficulty. Our piano, of course, is for our house; it cannot be moved back and forth. Another thing we must have: a mission canoe. We have the largest mission field in Alaska, and in many respects the most important. We must go by canoes to reach the greater number of our people. Go we must, and

it costs us from five to ten dollars every trip. Mr. Willard expects to go up this winter by skates and snow-shoes, but as soon as the river becomes navigable again in the spring we expect to make the rounds once a month. We already see good of our first trip, and feel the importance of this itinerating work. It must be done before we get the people in any great numbers to come to us. In time we trust that this will become the great centre, but it will be a long time, for the people have good houses and are loth to leave them. Some, indeed, are *now* ready to come, but they are a small minority, and there is so much difficulty as yet about getting ready lumber. It requires an enormous amount of labor to build as they do.

September 26.—Still no steamer. We have been in daily expectation of her arrival for three weeks, but oh so thankful that our Sabbaths were not broken in upon by her coming! We are having beautiful weather again.

We have such good news from the upper village! After we left they began to

make peace in earnest. The last cutting-affray was promptly paid for in blankets; the wounded man, upon whose fate so much hung in getting a settlement, is now rapidly recovering.

The Crows took into their houses the young man in whose house we held service for the Whales, treating him to the very best of everything they possessed, having him both eat and sleep with them; and the Whales took into their homes, in the same way, the great Crow terror, "The Murderer." This is their way of expressing perfect satisfaction, confidence and peace, and now the feasting and dancing are going on. The lower villages have joined them in this; and if only molasses (for the distillation of ardent spirits) can be kept from them, we hope for a new era. It will indeed be a new and blessed era when the government makes it a crime for men to sell death. They have promised, many of them, to come down to us here when the feasting is over.

We hope to be able to begin regular indoor work and study by the 1st of October.

We are exceedingly anxious to get the language, there is so much we long to say which we cannot get others to say for us. Mr. Dickinson is a very, very kind friend to us. His wife says she has told him to go on and leave her here a while until we learn to speak a little, but he will not consent to do that, and Kittie is to go back to the Home by the first safe opportunity; so that, in case they do go, we will be not only the only whites, but the only persons in all the Chilcat country who speak English. We would not care if only we could make these people understand our message; but it is God's work: he will not suffer it to languish. . . .

To the Presbyterian Sabbath-School in East Springfield, New York.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, October 24, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Three eventful months have passed since our former letter was written to you from Sitka, when we knew but little more of our present home and work than did you, so far away.

Now we are domiciled, and almost as much at home as though we had been born here, but oh how thankful that ours was a more favored lot!

We spoke of Dr. Sheldon Jackson having joined us at Sitka by the July steamer from Portland, Oregon. May God bless that good man, the true friend of missionaries and of Alaska!

In Fort Wrangell and Sitka the missionaries are well housed in buildings erected and occupied by the Russian government during their rule, but here in the Chilcat country no white men had ever lived except the trader who preceded us a few months, the husband of our interpreter, Mrs. Dickinson. When we left home, it was with a knowledge of this fact, and with the expectation of living in tents until we could get out logs and put up such a house as we could. Dr. Jackson made this unnecessary by giving us the needed help, and I have no doubt he saved the life of one missionary.

In two weeks after our arrival here—which was on the 18th of July—our friends

Drs. Jackson and Corlies, with the three carpenters, left us for Boyd, where they were to put up a school- and dwelling-house for Mr. and Mrs. Styles, who have since taken charge of that mission among the Hoonyahs. Mrs. Styles is the younger daughter of Mr. Austin, of the Sitka mission, and was married on the 15th of August last. Our house was, of course, very incomplete, but the frame was up and the roof on, the floor laid and some of the doors hung; so we came right into it and went on with the work, carpentering, cabinet-making (for we brought no furniture with us save one chair, a little stand and the stove), garden-grubbing, tree-felling, and stable-building from logs, quarters for our goats (a pair of which we brought with us from Sitka to supply our baby with milk), cutting grass for the goats' winter food with case- and pocket-knives (for a scythe was overlooked in our outfit), receiving the Indians who came in to see the wonderful things the minister had brought, cutting garments for them and trying to help their sick, preaching, etc., almost with-

out end, as it seems to us still, so busy are we, and so much work yet to do before we get down to even our appropriate labor. With all this, we have made a tour of our villages—four in number; and this brings me back to the main subject.

Before leaving Sitka we intended to locate in the upper village, thirty miles up the Chilcat River, as it is the largest of the four; but, finding that we could not get the lumber up—for the river was low at that time—we decided upon this as the best point the district afforded, although four and a half miles from the nearest village. Except a few bark huts which the Indians put up last winter, the only building besides our own is the trading-post. If we could have spoken the language, we would have gone to the upper village and opened a school—for this winter, at least; but we have a year's hard work before us in getting fixed up and studying the language. It seems in many respects the better plan to try to build a missionary village here something after the plan of Met-lah-kat-lah, in the British Possessions.

In the first place, we secure those who are most in earnest to hear and learn; leaving their old places and coming to us will in itself be an uprooting for good.

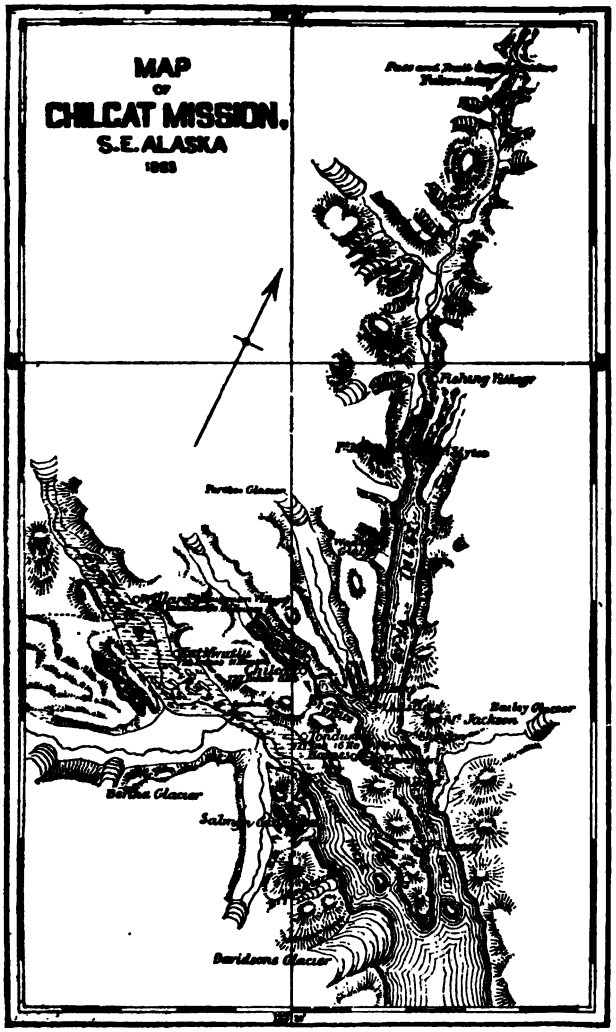
In this way, too, we keep our work largely free from the petty jealousies of tribe and village chiefs, which, though they be petty, are very strong. Had we gone to any one of the villages, it would in the eyes of all have been allying ourselves with the chief of that place, and quite enough to deter the proud people from joining us, lest they be counted as his subjects. As it is, this is the minister's place, as they call it, and all are free to come without compromising tribal relations.

The lower village, as the nearest of the three on Chilcat River is called, is coming over in a body to see us. They have been very busy getting ready to come. Their food is mostly gathered in the month of September, and consists principally of dried salmon, berries and salmon-oil. They have some potatoes, too, which had to be dug and housed. Now all is completed, we hear, and they will soon be with us. The

bulk of their provisions will be left until heavy snowfall, when the people travel with much greater ease on snow-shoes. Some from each of the other villages have promised to come soon.

It is too late in the season now for them to do much in the way of building; we must be content to have homes a matter of growth. Perhaps some day there will be a mission steamer in Alaskan waters which will convey lumber from the mission mill to mission villages for prices which will enable the Indians to build comfortable houses.

We have word to-day that Don-a-wok has taken a wife, or rather a child who is to be his wife in the course of time. Such queer customs they have! When a couple are married, they adopt a boy and a girl to train up in their own ways, to take their place in the event of death. If the husband dies first, the boy becomes husband to the widow; if the wife is taken first, the girl takes her place. Thus we often see a young boy with a decrepit wife, and old men in their dotage sometimes have mere child-wives. In case there is no such suc-


MAP
OF
CHILCAT MISSION,
S.E. ALASKA
1888
Fishing Village
Portlock Glacer
Mt. Jackson
Davidsons Glacier

cessor provided for, the friends of the deceased partner claim the right to appoint one from their own number. This was the whole trouble, as we believe, in Don-a-wok's case. His failure to secure the wife he wanted from a stranger-tribe was, no doubt, the result of intrigue on the part of his connexions here, who were determined to make him take his former wife's nieces. They wished him to take *two* of them, but he resolutely refused, saying that the minister did not like such marriages. He said it was wrong and he would not do it, but he yielded so far as to take one —a little girl about thirteen years old. She is called his wife, and he has taken her into his house to care for her, but they will probably not be married for two or three years. He is anxious to have her go to school.

None of the maps of Alaska that we have seen give any idea of the Chilcat country. Linn Channel is shown, and we are located at its head, where, indenting the western shore, is our little Portage Bay. Just to the north is the mouth of Chilcoot

River, which rises in a beautiful lake of the same name about ten miles distant, and near which is the Chilcoot village. Chilcat River is something over a mile to the westward, and is a mile and a half wide. It joins the channel about seven miles south; so that, while by trail or portage it is but little more than four miles to the lower Chilcat village, it is more than fifteen miles by water. The little peninsula formed by this large river and the channel is the largest level tract which we have seen in Alaska, and is quite good soil. We hope in time to make it a mission farm, and to induce the Indians to raise more wholesome food than they now use. There is good ground enough to produce here bread and beef for the entire present population of the "thirty-mile strip."

While our immediate surroundings are almost flat, the country generally is mountainous and picturesque in the extreme. When we came, in July, the whole peninsula was one mass of flowers and vines. In places the vegetation was almost tropical for richness; one's steps sank into the

A CHILCAT MAN.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

The buckskin suit is trimmed with fur and quills. The narrow snow-shoe is used in hunting and running, and the broad one in packing.

wealth of mosses, and this though the sun rose and set in ice, for the mountains which guard us on every hand are crowned with "everlasting snow," some fifteen glaciers being visible from our windows.

Our first snow-storm this fall came on the 21st of September. On the 26th of that month ice formed in our barrel of rain-water one-fourth of an inch in thickness. So, you see, our climate here differs very much from that of Sitka or Wrangell. We are almost beyond the influence of the Japan current.

Our school was opened on the 8th of August, but, owing to the distance from the villages and the fall-work of the people, the attendance has been very small so far—often not more than two or three; but these have been taught. One little fellow, whom we call Willis, is particularly bright and faithful. He brings dried salmon enough to do him through the week, and sleeps in Mrs. Dickinson's wood-house. Getting in the salmon is quite a festival with the Indians, and at the close of the season they have much feasting and dan-

cing. When Willis went over to the village for his week's provision, the people tried to persuade him to stay and enjoy the fun with his brothers, sisters and friends; but his answer, so firmly given, was, "Why should I stay here, where I learn only evil? I am going back to the minister's place, where I can hear good;" and the little fellow has resolutely adhered to his purpose. He is only ten or eleven years old, can read easy English lessons and recites all the tract primer catechism. One other little boy—Mark, son of one of the succeeding chiefs—has learned the letters also; we have promised them each a book when we can get them. We had hoped to be able to give them some sort of a pleasant Christmas; I still hope we shall make it a pleasant and profitable day, although we have no presents for them.

Mr. Willard has preached twice every Sabbath, besides our preaching-tour to the villages and the occasions when we caught a company through the week, and always to attentive, often to eager, listeners.

We are seeing already a few triumph

over witchcraft and the power of the medicine-men, and have had some precious bits of encouragement. First a man came in with much eagerness and earnestness, saying that he had started off in his canoe to hunt mountain-sheep; when he had gone some distance, the little boat turned over and he lost his gun. He wanted us to pray that he might recover it again. Mr. Willard explained to him the nature of prayer and miracle, and that he must not expect God to cause the water to throw up the weapon, but that he would ask him to give him strength and wisdom to find it. The man said he did not expect a miracle, but he wanted God's help, that when the tide was out and the water low he might see it and get it up.

Soon after, a young man came to ask the minister to pray that God would turn the heart of the woman he loved so that she would marry him, for he loved her so that if she did not marry him he did not know what he would do with himself, and he thought God would turn her heart right that day. We told him that we would ask

God to do so if he saw that it would be best, but we could not tell if it would be so. I explained to him that my baby might cry for the pretty coals in the stove, but I, being wiser than she, would not give harm to the child I loved even though she did cry for it, so God might see that what he wished for so much would not make him happy at all.

Afterward a poor man from Chilcoot came to us in great distress: his little son was dying, and he wanted us to ask God to spare his life and make him well. He wanted us also to give him some food and clothing to put out for the use of the spirit should he die. They believe in another life and another world, but that between this world and that lies a great distance; much land, then a great green water of which no one can drink. When a good spirit at last reaches the shore of this water, the inhabitants of the good world come with canoe and bear him over, while the very wicked are doomed never to cross. When a person dies, if the body is burned, the spirit passes with comfortable warmth

through the intervening space, and that it may have every comfort on the long journey they put out or burn with the body both food and clothing. A person who dies by drowning is for ever cold and unhappy.

After explaining to the poor father the true way and showing him the error of his beliefs, we knelt down with him and the Indians he had brought with him and prayed. Some days after, he came again; and I never saw a greater change in any one's appearance in so short a time. He bounded into the house like a boy, so full of life that it seemed impossible to walk, while his face was full of joy. His first words were, "It's all true about your God; my child is better." Then he told us of how, when he went from here that day, the people were all crying and mourning for the child's death. The Indian doctors had said that he would not get well—could not live; and they all thought him dead already, he had so long lain in that stupor; but he—oh how he prayed to our God to spare that child! At last a woman came in and said the child was not dead, and by

and by, after a long time, the boy came to himself, looked about and spoke. And now he was getting well, and just as soon as he was well enough they were coming to the minister's place to live, so that they could go to school and learn more. He said that they believed no more in the Indian doctor; they had paid him ten blankets (thirty dollars) for nothing—a sore reflection to an Indian, I assure you, especially a Chilcat; for they are shrewd—very shrewd—at a bargain.

Let me give you an instance of their shrewdness. This afternoon a man came in with three ducks and laid them down with an innocent air, saying he bought them for a present, then, as is their custom, sat down and waited for his *pay-present.* Mr. Willard gave him the exact price of the fowls, and the man, upon learning how much it was, smiled and took his departure. When I came to unfeather the birds, I found but one fit to use. The fellow knew that a present we could not refuse and he would be sure of his pay, whereas, if he had brought them to sell,

we would surely have discovered the quality of the goods and bade him begone. It is a custom we have seemed obliged to observe so far.

We need your prayers, dear friends, more than you can imagine or than we can tell you, for wisdom, love, patience and strength, for the good work here, and for the Holy Spirit's presence and blessing.

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, October 28, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: We have given up the steamer until next spring, but we know that He who careth for the sparrows knows and cares for all our needs. We shall not want. . . .

October 30.—What do you think I have to write to-night? Didn't I say we had the Lord's promise and it would not fail? Just when I didn't know what to put in my baby's mouth we looked out and beheld the steamer Favorite entering our little bay. This was about eleven o'clock this morning.

The steamer did not bring our piano—

too heavy, the officers said—so it is in Sitka. But oh! oh! oh! the splendid mail they brought and did give us to-day—"three bags full; one for the master, one for the dame," etc. We have been reading and reading till we are so full of every feeling that it is very difficult to get any of it into action. And the yeast came, for which I am thankful. I did not bring any with me; it was not dry enough, and was to be sent by mail afterward. We have gotten along very well, but now we will have some good bread, and I think there will be some butter in the freight. The gingham came, and such a treasure in books! Exactly the kind we had wished for, but did not hope to get. Oh, so many thanks to everybody! If our friends at home only knew how welcome are their letters and their tokens of loving thoughtfulness when received here in our loneliness, they would feel rewarded for sending them to us. . . .

The Indians make their fish-oil in their canoes in the following manner: The canoes are half buried in the earth and filled

with fish and water. Alongside, stones are built up like an altar, under which a roaring fire is kept until they become red hot, when they are dropped into the canoe. The fish are boiled in this way to a jelly, then allowed to stand. Much of the oil rises, and is skimmed off; the rest is rolled in matting, placed on a frame over the canoe and pressed by the bare feet of the women.

This oil is a very highly-esteemed article of food among the Indians. They use it for dipping their dried salmon into, and also preserve a certain red berry in it. An Indian is happy with a large horn spoon and a washbowl of berries in oil before him. How they slip down without choking him is wonderful. His spoon holds a dipperful, and with a peculiar grace he raises it to his lips, and in an instant the contents have disappeared, scarcely disturbing a muscle.

Monday, November 1.—We had about seventy Indians at service yesterday. Thursday Mr. Willard had taken one of the medicine-men and a chief to his study, where we keep the sewing-machine, and explained

its workings to them. We have been coming into closer and closer contact with them, and gradually but surely approaching conflict. We knew it would come sooner or later—just as soon as they felt our power gaining the ascendency over theirs with the people. Just what sort of a conflict it might be we could not forecast. The Lord is ordering it all, and there is no ground for fear. We rejoice and praise God it has come so soon, for it certainly shows that the Spirit is working.

I have spoken before of the sick being brought to us. There has been a great deal of sickness among the people this fall. Some have died, but, thanks be to God! not one of the many we have seen and tended.

During the past week our hands and hearts have been more than full, the people coming in from all the villages with their sick and dying in canoes, saying that they had heard of the true God and no longer believed in the Indian doctors, others saying they had given the medicine-men everything they had and were

so poor that no blanket remained to cover the dying child.

Friday one poor woman, among others, brought to us her baby of three years. It had been sick for a year and was a living skeleton. I never felt so sick at heart over any human being as over that little burning-eyed creature who, in only a little calico shirt on a chilling, wet day, moaning at every breath and literally dying, was carried to us. The mother told us the sad story —how they had given everything, dishes, blankets and all; how the medicine-men had sung and rattled and charmed, eating fire, etc., but all to no purpose. With tears she said, "Oh, help me, help me! My children are all I have." I worked with the little one all afternoon, and it seemed better, and is still so.

There were many others, but I must tell you of only one. Yesterday morning, Sabbath, among the group of patients waiting in the kitchen was a woman who begged me to come and see her little boy, who was dying. After disposing of the rest and getting the house righted, I left Baby with papa

(who afterward took her to church with him, where I joined them) and followed the woman, taking with me what I had in the house that might be necessary. But I had nothing for proper food for the child. We had tried to buy oatmeal at the store when ours failed, but they would not sell it. I found the child in what seemed to me to be a dying condition—unable to move, with cold limbs and hot head, the only action apparent in the little body being the spasmodic jumping of the throat and upper part of the chest and the rolling of the eyes. I had them give me blankets and put on water to heat; then got brandy and went to work. I found that the child had taken no food for ten days, and immediately I despatched a messenger to the store saying that they must sell or give me some oatmeal and condensed milk. I would take no refusal; they must do it. I soon had the pleasure of feeding the famished child (who had already given a sensible look) some milk, and in a little while some gruel. Seeing him in a better condition, I left him and went to church with my sunbonnet and

big apron on and led the singing. After putting Baby to sleep, and with dinner over, I lay down for half an hour and went back, finding him no better, if not worse, than he was in the morning. The doctors had been in talking to them, saying all manner of things —that all their dreams said the child would die, etc.; that if he got well they would cut off their hair and do nothing more; that they would believe in God if he showed himself so strong as to heal that boy. You may be sure with this double motive I worked and prayed, and at bedtime, when I left him again, he was much better. After taking the medicine I had left him he rested, slept through much of the night, and this morning is perhaps a little better, but still very sick indeed. I do not know how it is going. I can only do my best and trust that the Lord who reigns will order all things for his own glory. I will believe that, however it is, it will somehow be for his praise, and in that I shall be more than satisfied.

Yesterday the doctor's wife followed me into the house of the sick child, and sat

near the door constantly making sneering remarks; and this morning her husband came out as I passed his house and commenced talking at a tremendous rate, gesticulating and speaking angrily till he got so close to me as to shake his fist within two inches of my face. I am not afraid of him, nor of all of them; as long as there are sick whom I can benefit I shall do my duty without a thought of the poor old doctors, except to hope and pray that they may be convinced and converted. May that day come soon! One of the doctors is here now to get me to do something for him. I have been having a talk with him.

Our freight has been gotten into the house in good order from the boat this morning.

But now, with very, very much love to all, I must close. The boat leaves us soon. CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, November 30, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: You can scarcely realize how those few words of yours in re-

gard to the increase of zeal for missions among the people at home strengthened and helped us. We have very much to encourage us, and cause for rejoicing with thanksgiving; yet there are times when it is very hard to keep only these things before us. Again and again we are obliged to force upon ourselves the realization of the fact that it is not for man—ungrateful, treacherous man—that we labor, but for Him who did and suffered *all* things for us all; and to know that Christians at home are working and praying for the coming of his kingdom into all these dark hearts makes it easier to go on. Such sympathy is very sweet.

There has been a great deal of sickness among our people this fall—a terrible eruptive disease much like small-pox, though not fatal. A number of deaths occurred, however, before the people began to come to us to build; and since they came, bringing their sick with them in canoes four deaths have taken place, but we have the infinite joy of believing that all are saved and happy souls to-day. They were two

little babes, a young woman and a dear little boy—the one I wrote you of in my last letter as being ill. I was among the sick almost day and night for a while, particularly with this little boy, who died, and with a woman, who has recovered; and after it became impossible for me to go to the village, the children, such as could be carried, were brought to the house. For one of the dear little babies who had died first I had done a great deal, and I hoped it would get well; but oh, it is such unequal warfare, this battling with death in such "strong houses" as these people have, wind, snow or smoke constantly present.

I cannot tell you what I felt when these children died; that their lives should be spared seemed almost essential to the success of our work here. You know how the case stood, after Mr. Willard's preaching against their witchcraft and evil superstitions on Sunday, and then bringing party after party—medicine-men, chiefs and people—into our house and showing them the machinery of sewing-machine and clock, telling them of the more intricate machin-

ery of the human body, asking them if they thought witches were in those wheels because they accomplished such wonderful things or if they failed to accomplish them, showing them the absurdity of their believing that because the wonderful body got out of order in their ignorant hands some one had bewitched it. If some dirt got into the fine wheels of a watch, did they think that all the medicine-men in Chilcat could charm it into running-order without removing that obstruction? How much less power could they have over the human body! After this, I say, many of them believed no more in the Indian doctors' ways, and, not knowing what else to do, brought their sick to us. Of course the doctors were enraged at the loss of their gains, and predicted that our patients would die. We worked with an almost agonizing zeal, and felt as though they must not die. After many days and sad nights of anxious working, watching and praying, when it seemed as though a feather's weight might turn the balance, it was turned: the child began to recover rapidly for some time, re-

gaining appetite and strength. Then I was not able to go any more, and they tore out an end of the unfinished house where the sick boy lay, to enlarge it, and the next thing I heard was that he was worse, then dead. I felt stunned; I could not believe it. I had felt so sure that he would get well. I could not say a word; it seemed as though everything that had been accomplished would now be lost; and yet I could not a moment doubt God's sovereignty or his wisdom or his love. I must just be still, knowing that he was God; and in that dark hour, when it seemed that all was lost, I learned, I think, the lesson he meant to teach—that to him nothing human is necessary.

We had heard before that in case the boy died his parents would hide it from us, for they meant to burn the body. We expected that the medicine-men would, to the best of their ability, inflame the people against us, but, instead of all this, the parents came to us in the burden of their grief, telling us of the happy departure of the little spirit and that they were not near-

ly so "sick in their hearts," because they were sure that he had gone to be with Jesus. Not one word of reproach, even, where we had expected savage charges and demands for "satisfaction"! They told us of his talk, his prayers and his low, weak singing of the hymns he loved, dying with the sweet lines on his lips.

When they were bringing him from the lower village in a canoe, he said to them,

"Tell me just as soon as you see the place."

When they turned into the bay, they told him.

"Raise me up," he said.

They raised him up, and he looked long and earnestly toward the shore, his eyes fixed on the mission buildings.

"Yes," said he, "there it is—the minister's house; now we are going to pray there."

Day after day he plead to be carried to the schoolhouse, but he was not fit to be moved. More especially on Sabbath, when the bell rang for church, he would beg them to take him to hear about God; but, as he

could not go himself, he would pray and sing. We often had little meetings in the house for him.

One day, when the bell rang for church, his mother, overcome by her feelings for the child, began to cry. He asked her the cause.

"Oh, that you can't go with the other children."

Tenderly he told her that she must not cry any more for him this way; it was not right.

Because he was a Christian, they wanted to have him buried like a Christian; so on Sabbath the little body was borne to the schoolhouse which he had so longed to enter. Mr. Willard preached on the resurrection of the body and the joy of those who die in the Lord. The people seemed profoundly impressed, and all things were done decently and in order.

It is their custom, after the death of friends, utterly to neglect their own persons, to eat nothing for days, to paint their faces black, to cut their hair close, and to wear the dirtiest clothing they possess; but

this mother came to the funeral with clean face and dress, and only wept like a Christian.

Many of the people say that they do not wish to burn any more of their dead; they believe in the Christian way. We did not insist on this, and, indeed, had said very little about it; but we prefer to have them *bury* the bodies of their dead, because they cannot do so without disregarding their old superstitions, for their old belief is that the spirit whose body is not burned suffers an eternity of cold.

This was not our first funeral; the first was when the little baby died. The mother came to me broken-hearted. She had four children, and this was the first death. Her heart seemed to have been won through what we had tried to do for the little one, and she wanted to know what she ought to do. The old people talked terribly about burying, and the grandmother gave her no peace at all, saying the child should be burned; but the mother wanted to do as we said. I sat down and talked with her, explaining to her what the Bible tells

us of life and death. She then said that she wanted to have it buried, but her friends did not, and she could not tell them all; she wished the minister would talk to them. So they were called together, and Mr. Willard gave them a long plain talk; and they said at last that for their "mother Nauk-y-stih's sake" they would bury the child if we would show them how. Mr. Willard made a little coffin, and we covered it with white. I made a little shroud for the child, and had them bring it to me to dress and put in the box. It was already prepared as they prepare the corpse—the little face all covered with vermilion, mittens on the hands, the knees drawn up and tied against the body. In the sight of the people I washed the paint from its face, smoothed the hair and put on the little dress. It was snowing when they laid the little one away, and it seemed as though the parents' hearts would break. It was the first breaking of their old-time customs made dear through generations.

The old grandmother had not given up, and she made them suffer almost every-

thing at home with her revilings. Several times it seemed as though they must yet take up the body and burn it, but God sent them at such times to us, and gave us, for them, the comfort and strengthening which they needed; and to-day we feel more hopeful of their salvation than of that of any other family of our people.

Mr. Willard hopes to form a class for the special instruction of those who think they really desire to be Christians. We ask the special and earnest prayers of our dear friends at home for God's blessing in this. We think there are a few who are trying to do the right as far as they know it, but they are utter babes in knowledge. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, December 13, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I did not tell you in my last letter what had been done by the man-of-war. This time the Wachusette was commanded by Captain Henry Glass. He called for the head-men to come to him; only two of the higher chiefs he invited into

the cabin. He gave them nothing but a sound and forcible exposition of the law: 1. That he would punish any one who made, sold or introduced any intoxicating drink, or anything to make it of. 2. That if they had any fighting, if any one was killed, he would be here immediately; the murderer would be seized, taken below in irons and tried; if proved guilty, he would be hanged as any white man would be. 3. If they harmed the whites who came among them, he would storm their village and blockade their river. He then showed them what the big guns were made of by firing quite a number of balls and bomb-shells, which shook our house, although sent in an opposite direction; and the big braves didn't laugh any more.

Another little child has been called away from our village—one who had been sick for a year or more—and this morning its body was burned; this was the second cremation since our coming.

While we were at breakfast, Esther, the mother of the little boy of whom I wrote you as having been buried from the church,

came in looking very sad and saying that her heart was sick; that ever since her little boy had been put in the ground the Indians had troubled her so that she could neither eat nor sleep, taunting her in every way, saying,

"Ah! you are the minister's friends. Oh yes! you are white people. Why do you live here? Why do you eat Indian food? Yes, a minister you are."

Then they had tried in every way to induce her to have the body disinterred and burned. This morning, before they started to the burning, the people crowded into her house and besieged her with new force. At last Esther's mother (and this is so remarkable, because, as a rule, the old people are obstinate and tied to their old superstitions, and therefore very hard to bring to accept new ways) said to them,

"No, we will not do it. As for me, I have only just begun to learn about God, but I want to believe in him with all my heart. I want to go to him and to my grandchild when I die. And I want to tell you all now that when I die I don't want

you to burn my body; I want to be buried."

Then Esther made a similar declaration, and Chief Don-a-wok—Esther's uncle—told them that he wanted them all to remember, too, that his body was not to be burned when he died; he wanted the minister to attend to it all and bury him.

After this the people left the house, but Esther's heart was so sick that she felt as if she would die. Her mother told her to put on her blanket and go up to the minister's; so she came, though she hadn't wanted to come for a long time because the people talked so. She fears that she is not going to live long, and she wanted to ask us to be sure to bury her and take care of her little boy, the only child left her. She could not bear to think of having him grow up among the Indians if she had to leave him. I had a long comforting talk with her and kept her here all day, engaging her on a little sewing which I gave her for herself, and to-night she went home a quite cheerful woman. It seemed to encourage her when I told her what martyrs

had suffered for Christ's sake, and what he promises to all who endure persecution from love to him.

Mr. Willard witnessed the doctors' dance one night some time ago. It is a sort of exorcism. Almost all sickness with the Indians is regarded as the result of witchcraft. The medicine-man is called, and for ten blankets (their medium of exchange, and worth from three to four dollars apiece) he will scatter the evil spirits. If they are obstinate and the person dies, he accuses some one of having bewitched the dead man, and for certain other blankets will tell by divination who the witch is. The latter is then taken, and, with his feet tied together and his hands tied behind his back, is shut up with the corpse and either burned with it or left to starve to death, unless there are relatives rich enough to pay for the exorcism of the evil spirit. Since we have been here this has never gone so far as a pointing out of the witch, and it is not likely to go farther now, so long as the man-of-war supports us, as at present.

You have read a description in Dr. Jackson's *Alaska* of the medicine-men and how they are educated. They all (so far as I have observed, and there are about ten in the Chilcat tribe) have a most peculiar, cunning, and yet weird, expression. They are hollow-eyed, but the pupil protrudes and rolls, and there is a keenness, a furtiveness, about them that is most unpleasant. Since the death of the little boy referred to in a former letter, these servants of Satan have been doing their master's work with a will, but the event which they thus take advantage of has not been without good results. Had God restored to health and life every one whom we tried to help, it would have been almost impossible for this ignorant people to give all the glory to God; we could hardly have convinced them that we had no miraculous gift. More and more they would have pressed upon us and have professed faith for the sake of this material life. We foresaw something of this danger then, this materializing of the spiritual, but not as clearly as the Lord has now brought us to see it. There are not nearly

so many who call upon God, but those who do seem to come up to a higher plane than before; they see something beyond this life; so in all our trials we know that God reigns and it must be best.

In speaking of these medicine-men, however, I must not omit one sign of hope for which we have to be thankful. A little daughter (four or five years of age) of him whom we consider the worst man among them was born with curly hair; so of course she was destined to the profession, and her hair left uncut, uncombed, to become a matted, repulsive mass like her father's, while she was adorned with necklace of teeth and charms of green stone. I so well remember the first time I saw her. It was on a Sabbath, while Dr. Sheldon Jackson was here. She walked along from church just before us; her beautiful little child-face in the mass of unkempt hair struck me with a sudden pity for the priceless soul-gem hidden in that neglected little body, and I exclaimed,

"Oh how fearful that she should be destined to such a life!"

Dr. Jackson quietly made answer,

"Let us hope she may be converted before that."

The words came with rebuke to my weak faith.

Some weeks ago that child came to church neat and clean, and—will you believe it?—that sacred matted mass of hair lay on her head in smooth braids; so now she can never be a medicine-woman, but we pray that she may be a Christian woman.

One of the Indian doctors told us the other day that if we would give him some new clothes he would cut off his hair.

December 14.—The Chilcats are a superior race to the plain-Indians, and are the strongest people, and this district the largest under the care of any missionary, in Alaska. It is not one village, as in the case of the other stations, but four within a radius of thirty miles. . . . We feel the urgent need of industries in which the people can engage. They are willing and anxious to work, but we have so little for them to do, and so little means with which

to pay them. We hope fish-canneries may be established on our rivers; these would furnish employment for a great many of them, and thus provide them with means of sustenance.

We expect and dread the coming of miners in the spring. Some prospectors took several hundreds of dollars' worth of gold down last fall, and we hear that many others are coming up. The mines at Juneau (the recently established post-office at Takoo) are something like seventy-five miles below us. About thirty thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust was taken from there last season. . . .

There is good tillablé land here, and we have perhaps an acre grubbed out where we hope to make a garden in the spring. We mean to try raising everything desirable, if seeds and slips come in time. . . .

December 28.—On last Friday evening a little rowboat arrived from Juneau with two naturalists from Berlin—Dr. Aurel and Dr. Arthur Krause—who intend to study here until spring, boarding at the trader's. The gentlemen brought a package of mail, which

they offered with evident pleasure for our Christmas gift. It proved to be the Sitka mail for San Francisco, whither ours may have been sent by mistake; so we had no letters, but we had a very pleasant Christmas, with many thoughts of the loved ones at home. I had work enough, you may be sure, in providing, from my brain, my wardrobe and my scrap-bag, presents for sixty-nine schoolboys and girls and women. We graded them all by the number of days they had been in attendance, and had something for each one. I would like to tell all about the tree, but cannot now.

The gentlemen brought some cotton-jeans for pants for the boys; the little fellows come to school through the snow with nothing on but cotton shirts, the snow sometimes stained by their bleeding feet. The snow is waist-deep on the men, who have to travel on snow-shoes. Sabbath before last I went to meeting by a path walled with the crystal snow as high as my head. It has snowed much since, and lies piled up against our windows. . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Sabbath-School of the Presbyterian Church of East Springfield, New York.

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, January 23 and 30, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS: The close of our third quarter in Alaska finds us with not a few tokens of God's pleasure in our work. We are more and more enjoying it, and more and more its peculiarities and needs open up to us.

You have asked us to tell you of these needs, and in this letter I will gladly do so, hoping that somewhere the Master may still have stewards holding talents which they long to put out to usury. There seems to us no place in the great world where a higher rate of interest could be derived for the Lord.

Do you remember on what a long, long day our first letter was written you in June? Now we have had the other extreme—a night long enough for the veriest little sleepyhead, the sun rising near eleven o'clock A. M., and our lamps being lighted at three P. M.

During most of the winter thus far the

snow has been about four feet deep; it is near six feet now, yet the people go about easily on snow-shoes, which are made of very light and gracefully-shaped wooden frames woven across with thongs, exactly as cane is woven into chairs at home, and which are kept in place on the foot by means of the strap which passes from across the toes back and around the ankles.

On Friday evening of last week we were delighted by the arrival of a canoe from Juneau, which brought us a few precious letters written in October and November. The canoe that brought the letters was that of the parents of the little girl whom Chief Don-a-wok had been almost compelled to take for wife. It came bringing him presents, but some time ago the child had left his house and had gone to her aunt's, where she remained. We had a long talk with Don-a-wok before she left, showing him how wrong and how fruitful of evil such marriages are. He seemed to realize it, and said that it had not been his wish at all, that the child was very unhappy, crying continually, but that,

according to their customs, he could not send her away; if her parents would take her back when they found how unhappy she was, he would be glad. However, she took the matter into her own hands and ran away.

When her parents learned this on arriving here, they were greatly mortified and incensed against Don-a-wok. They came to us before emptying their vials of wrath on their son-in-law, and God gave us such success with them that they seemed to see it all in a new and true light, and gave up having a quarrel. I think they will take her back to Sitka and send her to school. We tried to prevail upon them to send her to the Home at Wrangell, but fear they will not.

Mr. Willard returned a few days ago from a tour among the villages. Two weeks ago he started by canoe for Chilcoot, but, getting caught in the floating ice from the large glaciers on the way, in which he and the man with him worked for their lives for an hour or two, he was obliged to give up the journey; and, turning

into the fishing-village of Te-nany, he came home the same evening. But on the Chilcat River he was gone a little over a week, holding school in the upper villages. He went on snow-shoes and skates. In the mean time I stayed here at home with just my baby Carrie and the little Indian girl Kittie for company, holding daily court, and the service on Sabbath. It occurred to me that to home-friends it would seem a little startling if they knew that I sat night after night in a sense alone, the large windows of the sitting-room—without blinds—frequently revealing the dusky faces of those who wished to come in; but then, as at all times here, there was a sweet and peculiar assurance of safety—no dread, no fear of evil. God is our keeper.

The greatest burden which falls upon me in my husband's absence is the care of the people—the responsibility of deciding, alone, matters which might among white people be trivial enough; but with this people, where there are so many complications of the family and tribal relations, together with ancient customs and super-

stitions, a very small matter often becomes very great in its consequences. We need more than man's wisdom; and please let this be among your petitions to God for us—that he will give such wisdom as we need for his glory in this place.

We were besieged, as usual, for medicine and comforts for the sick. An old woman died and was cremated, whereupon Cla-not, the young second chief here, called the people together for a general peacemaking. On the Sabbath evening before Mr. Willard went away he had spoken to the people on peace and brotherly love. Four years ago (though on the occasion of preaching that sermon he knew nothing of this bit of history) an old woman was charged with having bewitched a young man. Her son was so ashamed that he killed his mother. Custom required peace-payment to be made for her murder to her brother, although it was he who accused her of witchcraft, but it had never been done; and the tribes were enemies in the same village, not entering each other's houses. When this death occurred, while

my husband was away, Cla-not, as I said, called these tribes together and rehearsed this old story, then said,

"You all know what the minister talked to us about last Sunday, and I have called you here to make that peace; and we must make it to-night, for we don't know what to-night or to-morrow may bring"—so nearly the scriptural phrase, though I think it had not been used in the sermon at all.

Well, they made peace, Cla-not himself paying the necessary blankets.

I had this good news to tell the missionary when he returned so weary that dark night from his long, hard tramp through wind and rain and knee-deep slush. And he had much to tell me of hard but joyful work, of the people's evident joy at his coming and of how kindly they had treated him; of the acquisition, also, of several new Kling-get phrases, for he went without an interpreter. Four of the head-men and several others came down with him to trade. Old Shat-e-ritch, the head-chief, stayed with us; we invited them all to

stay over Sabbath, and they gladly consented.

The night after they came down Cla-not's peace was broken: he had insulted a powerful man of his own tribe last fall, who in turn threatened to kill him, but afterward repented; and when Cla-not had inaugurated peacemaking this man, called Skookum ("strong") Jim, bought white man's food at the store and called Cla-not to a feast of peace at which he would pay blankets for his angry threat. Cla-not, who is naturally violent and headstrong, would not accept his overtures, whereupon Cla-not's life was again threatened, and war seemed imminent. To make matters worse and the trouble general, Cla-not quarreled with his wives (who are mother and daughter), and they left his house. They are of the Sitka people, and if peace had not been restored before the arrival, on the second day after, of the Sitka chief and the parents of Don-a-wok's wife (who were of the same tribe as the unhappy wives of Cla-not, while Don-a-wok is his uncle), I fear we should not have been able to stay

the flood; the complications were many and of such a character as would have involved the whole Chilcat country and the Sitka people.

This is a good example of the sort of work we have here; he who gives us most cause for rejoicing to-day is our heaviest trial to-morrow, and, I thank God! sometimes it is *vice versâ*.

After much prayer we sent for Cla-not. He returned answer that he was busy, but late in the evening he came with a heavy, dogged expression on his blackened face. Shaking hands with him—against his will, apparently—we had him sit down, and Mr. Willard began to tell him of how he was the first Chilcat he had ever heard of, and that it was in answer to his request for a missionary (as published in Dr. Jackson's book) that we came here; then of how glad he had made us by his prompt peace-making. Now we had heard he was in trouble, and had sent for him that we might know all the truth and be able to help him farther into the right way. He was very sullen at first, then full of anger

at his enemy, but in the course of three hours' talk he became very quiet, even though we gave him the gospel law in regard to wives as well as enemies. He had eaten nothing since his trouble began, and refused to do so until the matter was settled in some way.

Early on the second morning after, he came in like a very different man—came of his own accord—to tell us that he had changed his mind and wished to have peace everywhere; his wives came back, and he made a great feast, with Skoo-kum Jim as chief guest.

Then the upper-village people who were here had had some differences with this people, and they called them together to a big smoke. They in turn seemed to vie with each other in attentions to the strangers. Old Chief Shat-e-ritch, who in his day has been the wildest of the Chilcats, said to us on Saturday night that everybody was making peace and he wanted to do so too. He had one thing to settle in his own village, which he would do when he went back home.

On Sabbath morning you may be sure we had a grand peace-meeting. The schoolhouse was crowded; in a space perhaps less than six feet square I counted twenty-eight persons. There was no room for benches, if we had had them. Even the old medicine-men, who had not been at a meeting for weeks, were there. After a service of two or three hours we had a hasty lunch and went back. We had the children recite their catechism and about twenty verses of Scripture in both English and Kling-get, blending these exercises with singing and prayer in both languages, and another sermon.

The upper-village people were so impressed with the children's exercises that Shat-e-ritch made arrangements to have his son board at the trader's and attend school. Mr. Willard teaches them English, and the whole congregation repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert every Sabbath in their own language.

We were very tired that evening, and thought the people were too; but just before dark two of the head-men came in and

CHILCAT MOTHER AND CHILD GOING TO CHURCH.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

begged us to have another meeting, because they were going to the Stick country and it would be so long before they could come again; all the other people wanted it too, they said; so, of course, we had the service. Mr. Willard gave them a basket of the living bread to take with them to the poor Stick country, and he was glad of the opportunity, for in one of the villages he had seen them making hoochinoo to take with them for trade. This morning they left, and we are trying to get some mail ready to send with the canoe.

Now I want to tell you about our schoolhouse. It is a rough up-and-down board shanty, sixteen by thirty feet. It may do for a schoolhouse for a little while, but a larger meeting-house is a necessity. We shall soon be obliged either to have service out of doors or to turn away many who are anxious to hear the word of life. As it is now, they average scarcely more than a square foot each in the space they occupy. The people have been accustomed to huddling together in a way perfectly surprising to a white person, but they do not like it

in church; they say now they are learning white men's ways and they do not wish to sit on the floor. Many of them have come to pay much more attention to personal appearance. I cut clothing for them, and they take great pains in making it. Many of these people stand through the service as close together as cord-wood rather than sit down in such a mass on the floor. Then we expect many more in the spring; they are coming from above to build here. They ought to build the meeting-house themselves, but they are not yet ready for that. The bare mention of anything to pay would empty our meeting-house in a day, as it has our school several times when the report was circulated that we would make them pay for it after a while. It will require the grace of God in their hearts and years of education before they will do their duty in the matter of giving, and that they may receive this grace and education they must hear. How can they hear if the house will not hold them?

Mr. Willard thinks that we could build the best possible house for this locality,

and at very much less expense than a frame, out of the native forest which surrounds us here, fitting the logs into each other with moss. This could be done by

CHILCAT WOMAN SEWING, WITH HER BABE LEANING AGAINST THE WALL.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

the Indians, under direction, at twenty-five cents per log, when white labor no better would cost three dollars and a half per day; and it would give employment to the people, for which they are suffering. This matter gives us no little concern—how to

employ the people. They are waking up to new wants, they are rapidly becoming dissatisfied with the old life, and they are exceedingly anxious to work that those wants may be supplied; and that they should be supplied is necessary to the further growth and development of those whom we are trying to bring into the light of Christianity and civilization.

There is another thing which grows upon us—the necessity of some more special work for the children. It would make your hearts ache, as mine has ached so many times, to see them. I do not refer to their little naked legs and bare, bleeding feet as they trudge through the snow, often to their waist, to school and church all this winter weather; nor do I refer to seeing them half starved, as we sometimes find them—not these things, although I could not tell you of the pain they have given me. After all, they are heroic little fellows and make the most of life as they find it, sometimes even seeming to prefer nudity, with the mistaken idea that in enduring all this exposure they are growing very strong.

No, it is not these things that have driven us to say, putting our trust in God for the means, "Something must be done for these children." Much of what I have referred to cannot be written in a letter like this. Would that I had every mother's ear in Christian America! The mothers' hearts would burn at the story.

Dozens of these children have been brought to us by their parents, who begged us to take them and teach them something better than they could. As we are situated, it is impossible to do this, however our hearts may yearn over them.

We had spoken to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, when he was here, about the natural advantages for a Home here, but he was heavily burdened with personal obligations in getting the mission started at all, and he said,

"No; there is a boys' Home at Sitka, and a girls' Home at Fort Wrangell: let them go *there*."

So with might and main, when they come to us, we tell them of those good Homes, and the good people in charge of them,

and beseech them to send their children there; but invariably come the impatient gathering up the blanket, the averting of the head, and the decided "Clake" ("No"). They will not do it. Their tribal feeling is very strong, and their pride in their own mission, to a degree, is proper and gratifying; and the truth is, after all, that though the Sitka Home is a desirable haven, a paradise, for Sitka boys, it can be filled from the lower coast. And it is not wholly desirable that our boys should go there, for, comparatively, our people are clean and pure. However good the Home, our boys could not come into contact with the united corruption of white and Indian Sitka without learning depths of evil of which they now have only the hint. And another thing: we are fully convinced that a Home could become self-supporting in a very few years, and perhaps support all this mission. We have an abundance of good soil—lying well, much of it—that would require almost no labor to prepare for cultivation. We could raise enough "truck" here to supply the lower coast, and our vegetables would find

ready market and good prices at the mines. If we had a little steam-launch we could control the whole matter, with no middle-man to eat up profits. Now, we cannot ask the Board for this help; but if any of the churches choose to help us, no one can object, and we believe that it would be the most profitable investment for the work here that could be made—in *every sense* profitable; for we think that no other one thing could have such an influence on the people. The cost to begin with would be comparatively small. The house could be built of logs. We can have the land now for the taking; but if report is true, it will not be so long. A rush of population is predicted for Chilcat in the coming spring. We would require a good practical farmer and his wife—thorough Christian missionaries—to take charge of the Home and farm. The very first season the boys could provide their own vegetables and fish, and I believe we could fill such a Home in less than a week from our own villages. Will you not help us?

That God may guide and bless us all

in the furtherance of his own blessed work is the earnest prayer of your friend,

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Little Mission Band of the Second Presbyterian Church, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, February 3, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: You cannot know, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you, just how much of good it did us when we heard from one of your number these words: "We have a mission band now, and we are working for Alaska." Of course you know, or you would not be working at all, that doing for "one of these little ones" is doing for Jesus, and you know that nothing done for that dear name is lost. You will have large reward in your own hearts now; and up there, when we all have gone home, will it not be sweet reward when I see and recognize some of these Chilcat children as they come in, and after they have been to Jesus he lets me take them by the hand to you and say, "These

are the little ones for whom you worked so faithfully"? Always pray while you work that God may bless all you do in making it the means of saving some souls.

When I heard that your hearts were turned toward this strange land, I wanted to tell you more about it, and I will try to do so. Did you have a Thanksgiving day at home this year? We have never heard, but we had one here on the third Thursday of November, and a real good one it was. The people had never heard of such a thing before, but for a week or two before the time we talked with them about it; so that when the day came they were ready. Early in the morning our bright flag was up clear to the top of the pole, where the wind waved it joyously. The snow was white and deep and the day clear and beautiful. At about eleven o'clock A.M. the bell was rung, giving out its quickest, happiest tones. Almost at its first tap the people poured into the schoolhouse. And I wish you could see them as they answer such a summons. It seems to me almost the prettiest picture I ever saw—

the eager, pleasant faces, the hurried steps of all, the moving and gorgeous colors of their clothing against the snow at their feet and the blue-black of the pine-forest around them, the great mountains back and above all, while the glassy waters of the bay give back the shadows of the woods and the colors of the sky. After they had sung and prayed and listened while they were told of God's great blessings, the meeting closed and the playing began, in-doors and out. But the boys soon wearied of making snow-men, because, having neither shoes, stockings nor pants, they became too much like Jack Frost's children themselves. In the evening we had the two best classes of the school come to a party in our home, which they seemed to enjoy very much. I found them very quick in taking up new plays, full of fun and very well behaved.

Then I think you would like to hear about our Christmas. Oh how I did wish for some of your deft fingers then! Just think! sixty-nine children, besides some grown folks, to provide for! I'm sure it's a good thing I have a long scrap-bag. I

had to use many a bit and all the wit I had. Many of the children were very irregular in attendance at school; so about two months before Christmas I told them about it, and that the presents would be graded according to their good works. So I had to grade every child and every present. Mrs. Dickinson, the teacher, knit several little collars of yarn and two small scarfs, and gave me about a dozen tiny dolls out of the store, which helped a good deal. Then my little Indian girl, Kittie, dressed the dolls, and she and Mr. Willard trimmed the house with evergreens and flags, and we had a splendid tree, a crowded house and a good time. For one of our head-girls I made a charming little hood out of an old red-flannel drawer-leg and a little bit of black velvet; for a good many others I made little bags out of an old blue-silk ruffle I had, and filled them according to works with buttons, needles, thread and thimbles. For some—the lowest—I made only little red-flannel needle-leaves; for others, little handkerchiefs with the Turkey-red initial of their English name.

To show you how these things were prized, I must tell you how a young woman was dressed the other day at church. She has most beautiful, soft, shining hair, which waves back and hangs loose at her neck. Her eyes are large and dark and bright; her cheeks are very rosy. She wore a skirt of the most brilliant orange flannel and a loose blouse waist of some light figured calico; about her neck was a white handkerchief, over which was turned a narrow but exceedingly bright blue ribbon, crossed in front and pinned together with my scarlet-flannel needle-leaves.

As a general thing they are fond of bright colors, but there are some sensitive exceptions. On Sabbath I noticed a young woman who kept her eyes down and seemed to be in trouble; so after service I spoke to Mrs. Dickinson about it. She said that I might have noticed the woman wore a new red blanket, and had made the remark to the interpreter after church that she felt as though she was in everybody's eye. She never wore the blanket again.

The women are always modestly dressed,

although they wear very little clothing. They have a long loose gown of calico gathered to a yoke at the top; over this, a calico skirt. When dressed up, they have a jacket to match the skirt, a blanket around them, and either a bright-colored cotton or a black-silk handkerchief over their head. Little girls dress just the same, only sometimes with moccasins, and sometimes with even leather knee-pants, but oftener with no clothing for feet or legs. The men generally wear calico shirts and unbleached muslin drawers. They have moccasins, which they wear sometimes with high tops, sometimes lengthened into pants. They are large enough to admit of several folds of blanket, which takes the place of stockings. The little boys, with very few exceptions, wear nothing in-doors, this custom being varied when they go to church by the addition of a little calico shirt.

In the morning the men and boys go down to the water in the river, break a hole in the ice and dive into it. Then, coming out, they roll in the snow over and over and betake them to the house again.

They think it makes them strong, but we know that in some cases it has caused death, and there is a great deal of consumption among the people. But this, although it often grieves me, is nothing to some other things which trouble me about these children. Oh, my little sisters, thank God with all your hearts that you have been born in a land and in a time made light by his word.

These people often show the greatest family affection. In one case it is beautiful—in a family of father and five little girls, the baby just beginning to walk and the eldest about ten years. Their mother was shot last summer during the war in the upper village. She came out with her three-months-old baby on her back and told her enemies to shoot her. They took away the child and shot the mother down. The others are here now, and I never saw more manifest love in any family. But their old superstitions make the people very cruel and heartless.

Of all the customs, there is not one, I think, which gives me so much trouble as

that of marrying their children and selling them. In spite of us, so far, there are in our village several child-wives from nine or ten to thirteen years of age. One dear little girl, whose baby-brother died and was buried some months ago, and whose parents seemed so heartbroken at his loss, and who gave us reason to hope that they were coming into the light, was given by her parents to her father's brother, a great brutal fellow, who already had a wife, almost blind, with several feeble, idiotic children. This little one was a gentle, delicate and beautiful girl of about nine or ten years. When I see her now, I almost want to run away; for I feel tempted to do something desperate. Her little face is bruised and swollen; her eyes are bloodshot, and their expression would bring tears to your eyes. She sits in that dark, cold hut with only those most repulsive beings about her, sewing away for them like a little old woman, all child-life for ever gone. But I did not mean to bring such a shadow on your young hearts. Do not let it rest there long. Only that you

may see the difference between light and darkness and long more earnestly to help send the word of God into the far corners of the earth.

Now, before I close this already long letter, I must tell you a little incident to show you how much some of these children appreciate their school. Before the people came here and built houses last fall, some of the children would bring a lunch of dry salmon on Saturdays and stay all the week, sleeping in an outhouse. At last came the great fish-festival, the gayest time of all the year to the Indians, when they take their fish for winter and at nights have their mask-dance with much music and feasting. The children went home for their food, and only one returned—faithful little Willis, of about ten years of age. We afterward heard the story from the village people. The good times proved too much for the other children, and they determined to stay and enjoy them.

It is for these little ones that you and we are working, and for whom we long to have a refuge. If the miners come here in the

spring, the evil influences will be greatly increased, and our little girls especially will be the sufferers. We are thankful that God sent us here before the miners. Pray that his Holy Spirit may work among this people. CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, February 15, 1882.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I would like to hear of at least two missionaries for this country in the spring. We think of you all every day, often wishing we could see you step in. We do, indeed, think of you often, and long to see you, but we are very careful not to let that longing get stronger than we are. We never forget that our home is here, and that it is the only home in the Chilcat country. . . .

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, February 17, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: We held a regular council of war yesterday. Jack had brought charges against one of the Chilcats for having killed, in Juneau, last fall, his own wife,

who was of Jack's tribe, and the latter, being short of funds, was determined to have payment, and was more than ready to fight for it. On the other hand, the accused denied the charge and demanded the proof, which Jack could not give. We knew nothing of the trouble until about fifty of the strongest men of both tribes filed into our house with their faces painted black and red and their heads tied up. They arranged themselves—one tribe in a close row on one side of the room, the other tribe on the opposite side—and called for the minister. I had dinner just ready to put on the table, but I set it back and called Mr. Willard from the study; and that was the last of dinner till about eight o'clock that evening. We had no interpreter but Kittie. The poor child did grandly in all the circumstances, which were of a trying nature to all. Hour after hour the loud, violent charges were made, and the refutation as loudly and angrily given, until we were all tired out. Mr. Willard, after getting the run of the trouble, took paper and pencil, and, charg-

ing the men to tell the whole truth, and nothing else, he proceeded to write down their words for the man-of-war, to which he referred the whole matter. Several times they seemed on the very point of breaking over into cutting and shooting. Twice in particular I thought it was come to that, but while I held Baby tight in my arms Mr. Willard had sprung into the middle of the floor, and with a tremendous setting down of his feet and bringing down of his fist, and with a voice that almost made me quail, he brought them back to something like order. Then he stood up and talked to them until you could almost have heard a pin drop, except for the often-repeated "Yug-geh" ("Good"). Old Jack left with angry threats before the good feeling came, when he found that he could gain nothing unjustly through us.

We had a delightful gathering of the children to-night; all seemed to have a good time, and we feel that it must have done good. We made Willis master of ceremonies, and all did so well! After leaving their kerchiefs and blankets in the

Indian room, they came to the sitting-room to shake hands with us, when we told them each, in their own language, that we were glad to see them. There must have been over a hundred, I think; we played many games, then sang and talked and prayed together, and said "Good-night."

Last week Mr. Willard probed another of their deepest cancers.

The Stick Indians of the interior, from whom these people get all their furs and their wealth, are a simple, and, so far as we can judge by those who have dared to come here, an honest, tribe—much more than these their superiors, who consider them beasts, just as some of the whites esteem these Chilcats. The Chilcats have lied to the Sticks and cheated them, and to prevent their coming to the coast to trade have told them horrid stories of the whites, and that they would be killed if they came. The few who have ventured here have been dogged about by the Chilcats, and look like hunted things. We have, however, gotten hold of every one and told them of Christ.

One of the Sticks brought a nice squir-

rel-robe to Mr. Willard last week, and, as he wanted one, he bought it from him at just the same price that he would pay either our own people or the trader; he paid him in flour, shot and powder. You can scarcely imagine the hornets' nest that was stirred up; the people were ready to mob us. Early next morning, before we could get our breakfast, we were set upon by some of the head-men, of whom Cla-not was spokesman. Many and many a time he had asked prices of goods, and we had told him; but he wanted us to tell him the truth and everybody else a lie. He charged us with having robbed them; for, said he, "the Sticks are our money; we and our fathers before us have gotten rich from them. They are only wild: they are not men; and now you have told them these things and taken away our riches." Mr. Willard told him that he spoke the truth to all men, nor would he lie for any: he told him that a certain advance on prices here was just and right when they carried their goods into the interior, but that it was wrong to hinder the Sticks from coming

here, and that when they brought their skins here it was only right that they should buy and sell at the same prices which the Chilcats did. He asked, too, what they brought into this world and what they expected to take out of it, and tried to show them that they were heaping up wrath against the day of wrath. That one question as to his natural prestige, although Mr. Willard has used it many times in church to check their pride, seemed altogether new to Cla-not, and touched him more than anything else that was said. He reminded us of his high class and that his father and grandfather had had wealth before him; told us that it had offended him, that he had come to this place expecting us to build him a nice house, as they did in Port Simpson; there the people prayed, then told the missionary, and he gave them the things they asked for. The people here could not believe what we preached to them when we gave them nothing, and now we had taken away what they had. He would not stay in this place any longer. He has not allowed his wife to come to church

since we talked to him here about polygamy; he says if he lets her hear she will give him shame—leave him, I suppose he means. He has three wives.

You must not for one moment imagine, from anything that has been written here, that we are weary of our work, or ready to give it up, or discouraged, for such a thought would be far from the truth. We expected discouragements and trials; it was from no momentary enthusiasm or impulse that we entered upon the work, but, as we know our own hearts, from love to God, supreme desire to serve him with our all and an earnest conviction that he called us here. Our minds have never wavered for an instant. Our expectations have been realized—not in just the way we looked for, perhaps, but in trials greater than we would have any but him know. We have reason to "rejoice and be exceeding glad." Continue to pray for us that we may be faithful unto the end. In the matter of which I have written (the boat) our object is not to escape all trial, but simply to entrench ourselves, so that

we will be able to stand our ground in fighting the legitimate warfare.

Monday, February 20.—On Saturday we came home from our usual visiting of the village with sick hearts, having been confronted with the charge that we had brought on this "terrible" winter of storm and snow. In the first place, it was because those children had been buried instead of burned; then Mr. Willard had put on his snow-shoes in the house; and lastly, we had allowed the children that night in their play to imitate the noise of a wild goose. We had very few at church yesterday, and those mostly children. Did not know the reason until this morning. Two women came to us in great trouble. One, the mother of the first child that was buried, had been the subject of persecution for some time, and now, since Jack had gone below and Cla-not was away seal-fishing, the people declared that should the storm continue and the canoes be lost they would kill her without mercy. All day Sabbath the people had been ready to kill her, and themselves too. She had slept none that night.

The people were out of food, and were unable, on account of the snow, to go to their village store-houses for more, and they were desperate. If she did not get the minister to show her where the grave was and build a fire over it, they would kill her, any way. Mr. Willard told them that neither the burial nor the place had been any secret; it had been done in daylight; all had the opportunity of knowing all about it. Then we talked with them for a long time, trying to show them the foolishness and sin of their superstitions; and they listened so well that they went away saying the people might do what they liked: they would build no fire. They said the people had built great fires over the other little graves, and had brought two days of beautiful weather.

February 23.—The storm continuing, the woman yielded yesterday; and this morning there is a great fire on the beach, built by the people, around which the children are dancing and throwing into it little effigies. Oh, may the Lord have mercy on this poor people and deliver them from

such idolatry! It is still snowing. The fall has been indeed wonderful to us; I am sure we must have had twenty-five feet at least. It thaws and sinks so that it has hardly exceeded eight feet in depth at any time, but it is so solid that one can walk over it anywhere. But the storms are sometimes so blinding that traveling is next to impossible. Our house is built high, yet, as I look out of the window, I see only the snow-covered apex of the out-house roofs and the tops of a few trees; the mountains are entirely lost in the storm, and the waters of the bay are far below my snow wall. A man wanted to cut some wood for us last week, and he dug out the cord. You should see the cavern—down, down, down, then away on so far beneath the surface. But a very different picture our interior presents, with its bright-carpeted sitting-room, roaring wood-fire, big windows of light, and the green trailing moss on pictures and walls, with table and shelf of good and bright-covered books for friends. As one of the Indians said to me one evening when, unable to go to church,

AN ALASKAN SNOW-STORM.

I sat reading at home, "You can stay here all alone and yet have many friends, for your books talk to you like people." Do you not think that was a bright remark? It made me so glad and thankful! But, above all, our little home is bright because of its quiet content and its little white bird in the blue-gingham apron, whose music grows sweeter every day. I wish I could give you a correct likeness of her.

Monday, February 27.—No hint of outhouses now, and even by mounting a chair I cannot see over the snow against the window. We had only about sixty at church yesterday. The women were out in a body, working nearly all day at the snow with their canoe-paddles, trying to find the little grave, but with no success. Late last evening they came again to get Mr. Willard to go with them; of course he would not go. This morning, before breakfast, our kitchen was about filled with them again. He told them that he knew no more about it than they did. If he did, he would not show them; and he wished them to come to him no more for such a purpose.

Of course, in all these talks we tell them why it is wrong and what is right.

Another large fire was kindled on the beach last week for the purpose of burning the hair of a little girl who had dared to comb it outside the house. It was immediately cut close to her head and burned to avert catastrophe.

I think the saddest of their superstitions are those which most directly affect the living, such as witchcraft. When a girl is twelve or fourteen years old, she is secluded for a length of time great in proportion to her caste—from six months to two years—in a little dark room, and during this time is never allowed to see the daylight, nor any face save her mother's, who, when necessary, goes out with the girl after-night, and then the latter is closely blanketed.

Some evenings ago a father and mother brought their little girl to me in great distress. The people were so angry because she was not imprisoned according to their customs that it was not safe for her to be seen alone. The medicine-men declared

that this was one cause of the great snow-storm. She is one of the brightest and best girls in the village, and she recently said, "I know that God knows all things, and that he sees my heart while I say I have nothing to hide." We had a long talk, and among other things the father said that, to show me how the people believed these things, he would tell me what was done before we came. A girl of high class during a time of bad weather was the subject of this charge by the medicine-men. She denied it. The storm continued. They told her that if she did not confess it they would kill her. They then commenced to torture her by burning her blanket from her by inches to extort her confession. Her blanket was half burned from her body; still she denied; still the storm raged. They next killed a slave, but without the desired effect on the girl, and last of all they killed her and burned her body, when immediately the storm abated and they had beautiful weather. When told that these customs were not regarded by the Fort Wrangell Indians, and that they

had no storms as a consequence, they quickly replied that this country was very different; the least little thing would bring snow here. Of course we tried to explain to them how and why it was different.

March has come in like a lamb. Last evening we saw the sun set gloriously after so long, and this morning it rose with equal splendor. About noon we heard the report that the woman had at last been successful in finding the grave some time during the forenoon.

March 25.—Just after I wrote you last, our trials in sickness began, but God brought us through so wonderfully! I think I never felt so thankful for guidance and strength as during this time for what he so mercifully gave me. In the first place, our little Carrie was taken with I know not what, but she chilled and fretted and cried; had no appetite, yet seemed to be starving; seemed to have a severe cold in the head, and we got no rest at night. At length, on Saturday night, among other ways of soothing her, I tried rubbing her back with my bare hand, and found, to my astonishment

(for she had so long been exposed to it without having taken the disease), that small-pox was coming out. In the early morning I called Mr. Willard to make the fires and get on water to pack Baby, for she was cold and the small-pox not coming out well. He was not feeling well, either, having his first old-fashioned headache since coming to this country; and upon getting up he almost fainted several times. At last, after lying down between attempts at dressing, Baby meanwhile screaming as though she would go into spasms, he succeeded in getting out to the sitting-room, calling Kittie and getting a fire made. As soon as possible I got Carrie into a soda-water pack, which quickly soothed her so much that she allowed Kittie to hold her while I attended to Mr. Willard, who by this time was rolling on the floor in his misery. Having bathed his head, got his feet to heating and made him a cup of tea, which he could not swallow, I drank a mouthful myself and took the fretting child. After an hour or so I got her down in a sweet sleep, which lasted for two hours,

still in the pack. Then I found Mr. Willard almost delirious. He did not know what ailed him, but he complained of agonizing pain—he didn't know where—and of burning up, although his skin felt like a dying person's, cold and clammy, while his color was a singular mixture of purple, white and green. I soon had a cot-bed up in the sitting-room, big kettles of boiling water, tub, wringer and blankets, and fairly forced the almost crazy man into a scalding pack, with flat-irons all around. I despatched Kittie to Mrs. Dickinson to tell her our situation, and that I wished she would hold the Sunday-school.

Mr. Willard grew alarmingly ill. Baby woke crying. I took her out of her three-and-a-half hours' pack and gave her a good bath; she was then brighter and better, the small-pox out pretty well. Then I went back to Mr. Willard again. Kittie stayed hour after hour; not a soul came near. At last he fell asleep, and by and by my anxious eyes saw that the sleep grew natural; a better, redder color came into his face, and after about two hours there came

a little natural perspiration; and when I took him out, although he was as weak as a child, he was himself again, and in the course of a week he had almost regained his old footing. Little Carrie soon became very restless again. The irritation was fearful; the immense pocks had pits of white matter as large as peas, and on a part of her body so thick that I could not lay a finger-end between them; fortunately, there were none on her face or hands, though they were thick on her little head. I packed her again, and again at bedtime bathed her with weak salt water. Still there was no rest, with all I could do, for several days and nights, though she was doing well and had entirely recovered in two weeks, while the Indians are sick with the disease many weeks, sometimes months, and quite a number have died.

Of course, after this siege, I did not feel quite young, but I was happy in having my dear ones living and well, and you know as well as I can tell you that I had the tenderest care and nursing when I needed it. . . .

I make our things, as far as I can, out of

the material which the Indians use to such poor advantage; I want to teach them the utility of beauty. After I had finished Baby's fur-lined and trimmed button shoes of the reindeer skin and the little cloak and bonnet, the women kept repeating, "Indians know *nothing*," and "Mother Nauk-y-stih knows everything;" which extravagant assertions were the outcome of an energy which afterward wrought something more substantial in the shape of improved clothing. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

Extracts from Letters of Rev. Eugene S. Willard.

JANUARY 26, 1882.

DEAR DR. JACKSON; I spent last week at the upper village teaching and visiting among the people. My knowledge of Kling-get was not sufficient to undertake preaching while there. I brought over a dozen people down to spend the Sabbath here; others have come to stay that their children may go to school. Many of the people are making arrangements to build here in the spring. I wish all the people

could collect together, as it would be so much easier reaching them. I made about one-half of the way up the river on a pair of American club skates, and coming back I made about the same distance on snow-shoes. I had difficulty in getting the children together. They were willing to come, but had no idea of time. I very much needed a large hand-bell to summon them.

We are getting along finely at this point. The school is large, and the congregation on Sabbath completely fills our schoolhouse, so that not a square foot is vacant from the platform to the door. A larger building is needed. I look anxiously for word from you, that I may know the signs of the times.

March 25, 1882.—We feel certain of receiving word from you by next mail, for the accumulation of five months awaits us at Juneau. The steamer promised for the first of the month has not yet arrived. There will be much to attend to when it does come, for the mail strain is always great, and this, after so long a famine, will be almost too much for poor human nature. We had our expectations kindled

yesterday, when we saw a canoe coming around the south point of the bay, from Juneau; but no mail was brought, though we have word through the Indians that there are two large sacks for us. The brave Kling-get was afraid to bring it up, not knowing he would get his pay. They will do nothing without pay, but expect us to give them everything and do everything for them for nothing. I am not of the opinion of those who believe that this ought to be done. I wanted to get the idea into their heads that we came among them for other reasons than to hire them to be friends to us. The people in a general way are friendly.

March 30.—We had the largest prayer-meeting last night that we have had since coming here. Our house was so full of Indians that it was difficult to get from one room to the other. The kitchen and sitting-room are connected by folding-doors, so that it is like one large room, equally as large as the schoolhouse. . . .

It seems strange when I think of it—this leaving the house sometimes full of red-

skins. Before coming among them I had thought it would not be safe to turn one's back to them. . . . EUGENE S. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, April 5, 1882.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON—

DEAR BROTHER: The Favorite came in yesterday afternoon with mail from the middle of November up to March; of course it took us till midnight to look over, read and arrange, and then we retired before we were through, but not to get one wink of sleep.

We received a flag by express (an elegant gift from the young people of Joliet, Illinois), and our piano; the latter is in the sitting-room, and I have already played some old tunes on it for the Indians, but I think it did me more good than them, though they were so delighted. It came without a case from Sitka, as it alone had barely been rescued by the miners from the fire which utterly destroyed the boys' Home and much of their goods, leaving poor Mr. and Mrs. Austin homeless and

impoverished again. Oh, I long to give them everything I have! Dear people! what trials they have had! and how nobly they bear them! May the Lord show them great light and comfort! What a mingling of feelings these letters give us—so much of sorrow, and yet so much of joy! . . .

Our village here will soon be left to itself. The Indians are even now commencing to separate. Some go to the lower Chilcat, some to Chilcoot and some to Te-nany, a fishing-village between this and Chilcoot, about three or four miles by water from here. Others go up the Dy-ya Inlet some fifteen miles, and others to the upper village; so that Mr. Willard's circuit-riding—or, rather, paddling—will soon commence.

April 8.—The Sunday-school papers are indeed a treasure; we have had none for a good while, and the people seem hungry for them. I never saw such eagerness, even among white children at Christmas, as these people, old and young, evinced as the papers came out. They are seized and

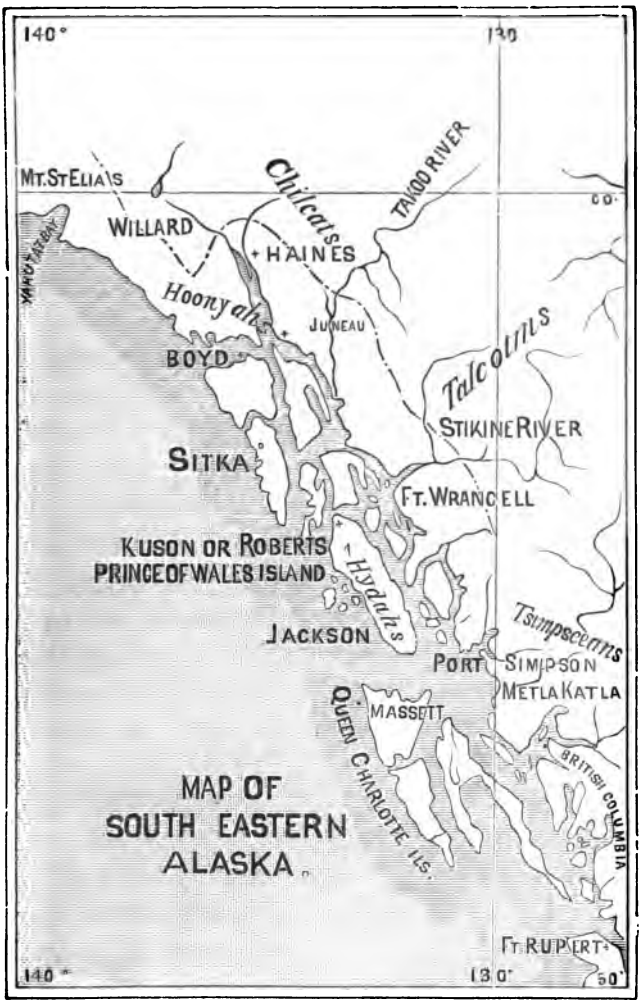
hoarded as the greatest treasure, the pictures pored over right side up, upside down and sideways, though the Indians cannot read a line. The school-children, however, pick out the little words and enjoy that.

You ask about the animals here. Cinnamon, black and brown bears are said by the Indians to be numerous in the woods all around us. In crossing the trail to the lower villages the men always carry knives or guns with them. Foxes, wolves, wolverines and many other animals abound. There are many reindeer farther in the interior. We have many varieties of birds. I have seen more eagles, ravens and gulls than any other birds, but there are grouse of different kinds, the most beautiful being the snow-white. In the waters there are seals, walruses and beaver; halibut and spotted, red, also white, salmon; a delicious little silver fish, in size and shape resembling the small herring: these are the fish which the people are said to use for candles, sticking the head in the ground and lighting the tail. They also make of them a grease white as lard, which they

very much prize for food. Ducks are very plenty, from the real mallard down to the little fish-duck; but we do not get many of them, as the Indians prefer lying around their big fires eating dried salmon to fishing and hunting, except for the seal.

One day I saw that a man had brought in a young seal. I went down to the boat where he and his wife were unloading and told him I wished to buy a piece. The woman shook her head, saying that seal would kill white people; but I insisted, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing the animal skinned and quartered. Under the skin there is a layer of pure fat from one to two inches thick all over the animal; this is used for oil. The flesh is almost black; for bones, there are but the back-bone and ribs. I baked my purchase for dinner; it was not very bad, nor can I say that we liked it very much. The taste is a cross between fish and animal.

As I have already mentioned, there have been two brothers here in the Chilcat country since Christmas, by the names of Aurel and Arthur Krause, both doctors of natu-


140°
130
MT. ST ELIAS
Chilcats
TAKOO RIVER
CO.
WILLARD
HAINES
YAKUTAT BAY
Hoonyahs
JUNEAU
BOYD
Talcoltns
STIKINE RIVER
SITKA
FT. WRANGELL
KUSON OR ROBERTS
PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND
Hydahs
Tsimpscians
JACKSON
PORT SIMPSON
METLA KATLA
MASSETT
QUEEN CHARLOTTE ILS.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
MAP OF
SOUTH EASTERN
ALASKA.
FT. RUPERT
140°
130°
50°

ral science from the University of Berlin, Prussia. They consider the country rich from their standpoint, and in scenery they say it surpasses everything they ever saw before, although they have spent months among the Alps and have traveled extensively through the East. They crossed the American continent—last spring, I think—and went on a whaler to Siberia, where they remained some months before coming here. They are indefatigable workers, and have quite upset the old geography of this locality, making a new map of it. I asked Dr. Arthur (the elder brother left for home by the last steamer) if their reports had been printed in America. He said only a few geographical items: the rest were sent direct to Germany, with innumerable specimens. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, April 12, 1882.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER: Your little letter was a treat. I wish you could give us one every month. . . .

I cannot write you much of a letter all

to yourself this time, but I must answer one part of yours. You are anxious to do good, to help along the work of bringing the world to Jesus, and I understand perfectly well how, to your mind, Alaska's claims are stronger than others. You love its missionaries; so your sympathies are quicker, your perceptions of its need keener. Owing to your intimate relations to us, your information is fuller; and that alone would give you a deeper interest in this field. I am glad and thankful that you have an eager interest in our work. But, my little sister, it is all God's work; do not say that you will not work with the society if they do not work for Alaska. There are heathen in Mexico for whom some one must labor if they are ever brought to Christ. There are missionaries who are working faithfully there whose hearts, I have no doubt, have their discouragements and trials, and who need the comfort of loving deeds and cheering words as much as we. Will it not be nobler to say to your society, "Work *for Christ*, and I am with you with all my heart"? and if it is their wish to work

for Mexico, work just as earnestly, and just as generously, as though it were all to come here. It all goes into the same eternal treasury, you know. Your loving interest is more sweet to us than I can tell, and we should much enjoy having an unbroken family working for the land for which we are willing to lay down our lives, but the other is the truer, broader, nobler thought —that the world is the field and the one Lord is the Master. It will be sweet in that day when we come together before the Lord of the harvest one family, but with bundles from the north and from the south, having helped to make them one. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Sabbath-School of the Presbyterian Church of East Springfield, New York.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, April 14, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: The little steamer Favorite dropped into our harbor on Tuesday of last week for the first time since last October, and we do not expect to see her again before the autumn; so that our

dependence will be upon chance canoes for mail and supplies for another six months.

I have been questioned in regard to facilities for communication with the outer world. They are rather meagre. Port Townsend, Washington Territory, is the most northwesterly port in the United States. Vessels are frequent between that point and San Francisco and Portland, Oregon; also a railroad, connecting by stage with the Central Pacific, runs to within a few miles of Port Townsend. From that point there is but one steamer per month for the North; that leaves, or aims to do so, on the first day of each month. If a letter is an hour behind the leaving of the steamer, you see, it will be a month late in reaching any Alaskan port; and if it miss our semi-annual steamer at Juneau, and no chance canoe comes along bound for the Chilcat country, it may be six months late in reaching us. The steamer from Port Townsend touches first at Fort Wrangell, then Sitka, then Juneau, and goes back by way of Fort Wrangell.

The Favorite is a small trading-vessel

which merely runs between the Alaskan posts of the North-West Trading Company as their stores demand new supplies or have a quantity of furs to send below. Last summer it visited this point several times, but hereafter, I believe, they expect to make the trip only in spring and fall. It is the only steamer which comes nearer than Juneau, except as occasion demands the presence of the man-of-war anchoring at Sitka.

You wish to know what we have to eat and where it comes from. Of course, this first year, we have no food except as we buy it. What you buy "down town," we order from Portland or San Francisco, from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles away; and if our goods are left behind, as they were last fall, we are brought to great want or to the unpleasant alternative of purchasing very inferior store-goods at high rates. Owing to a very natural repugnance to doing this, both because of the lead-distress which the poor canned goods gave us and because we dreaded being in debt, we have frequently tried the former plan; but we

have always had flour, and I have learned how to make many dishes out of bread, in lieu of meat, vegetables and fruit. Occasionally we have been fortunate enough to get beautiful spotted trout from the river at the upper village, and now and then ducks, Indian chickens and grouse; but on account of the great snow the people have lain almost dormant so far as hunting is concerned.

In summer both fish and berries are abundant, and of both there are many varieties, of the former ranging from halibut to the little "rock," and of both salt and fresh water. We ate of eleven kinds of berries last summer, and still there were other kinds we did not taste. We could not often get more, however, than enough for one meal at a time. We find the gooseberry, black currant, huckleberry and soft red raspberry of the States growing wild. The other varieties, so far as I know, are peculiar to this country.

The delicious trout are very abundant through the winter in Upper Chilcat River, the only difficulty being to get them brought

down here. The men and boys catch them by cutting a hole in the ice and dropping in bait of salmon-eggs, for which the trout come in great numbers. Then, with a peculiar sort of spear-hook, they are brought up—as many as five at a time on one stick; but the people depend principally upon the salmon, which they dry during the month of September, and salmon-eggs and the salmon-berry, which they preserve together in salmon-oil. They prepare huckleberries also, for winter use, by washing them, and drying them between two boards perhaps a foot square. The berry-cake is about three-fourths of an inch thick, tart and tastes very strong of wood-smoke. They also dry seaweed and use it with a general boiled dinner of salmon-eggs, berries and oil in the same pot. The seaweed has certain medicinal properties which render it exceedingly valuable in such a bill of fare —much as our good and wise mothers at home value onions for their families. When this pot-dinner is cooked, the pot itself is taken down from the hook and chain by which it is suspended from the roof-beams

over the great central fire, and the family gather about it with bone and wooden spoons varying in size according to the size of the individual, that belonging to the baby being about the size of a common soup-ladle, while that used by the head of the household is near the size of his own head. When they do not boil their fish, they roast it. After splitting it open quite flat, they pass through it, cross-wise, at the top and bottom, a little rod, and lengthwise a stick long enough to run into the ground and at the same time support the fish against the blaze.

You also inquire as to our fuel. It is wood alone, which in this part of the peninsula is abundant. So far we have seen no indications of coal among these mountains. . . .

Now that the days are growing longer and warmer, it is a trying matter to walk without snow-shoes, for in spots the snow has softened enough suddenly to let one down to the shoulders. This snow has given us a great deal of trouble with the people, and yet it has been the means of

discovering to us their true character and their superstitions, that otherwise we might have been years in finding out; and as we learn their need we are able to find the remedy, though only God's Holy Spirit can cause it to take effect.

At times through the winter it seemed doubtful whether we should see the spring, so intense would become the excitement of the people upon a return of the snow-storm. At none of their old villages do they have anything to compare with the quantity of snow which falls here. This difference is quite easily explained to persons of intelligence. You are aware of the cause and effect of the warm Japan current, which by its proximity gives to Sitka its moist and agreeable climate. There is from this stream a great and constant evaporation, which in summer falls among the mountains of that lower coast in the form of rain. During the winter the course of the winds is northward, and they bear with them these heavy vapors, which, as they come in contact with our icy mountains, are condensed and fall upon us in

the form of snow. If you examine the map of this country, you will see that Linn Channel is walled on either side by high mountain-ranges, which at the head of the channel separate more widely, admitting between them the Chilcoot and Chilcat Rivers. Between these rivers, with their farther mountain-walls, is the peninsula of Chilcat, which, southward from Portage Bay, is comparatively flat. Immediately at the head of the bay begins a mountain, which extends unbroken across the peninsula from river to river, forming a perfect "back-step" and condenser to these burdened winds from the south. Our mission village lies in the lap of these mountains, her feet dropping into the bay, while the other villages lie to the north, under the sheltering shadow of these "everlasting hills." They are also protected by abrupt turns in the rivers. This explanation, though so simple and natural to us, is entirely beyond the comprehension of the people here, who are ignorant, and whose minds are so steeped in superstition.

To-day (the 17th) the snow is falling as

CHANNELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA.

heavily as ever, and I presume some one will soon be in to take me to account for daring to bring into the house on my foot, yesterday, one of my snow-shoes, which I could not readily remove. Another of their complaints was that the minister had made figures of stars on the snow when giving the young men a little out-door lecture on astronomy, and so brought bad weather. Upon several occasions we were taken by force, the people filing in until our room was pretty well filled. They came before breakfast; they came in the night and at all hours intervening. We tried reasoning, then ridicule, and lastly authority, forbidding them to trouble us any more with their complaints or threats. Soon spring will be here, and their trouble on this score will be at an end. We hope and pray that ere the falling of another winter's snows God may have caused the light of his truth to enter their hearts and minds. He has mercifully preserved the lives of all who were out hunting and trading in the interior; though many were ill from exposure and two canoes were wrecked in

the fierce storms, yet all the people were brought back in safety. . . .

The Indians call us "the snow-people" —not because they think we brought the snow, but because we are white. Baby Carrie they call "little snow-woman." Mr. Willard they have named Don-a-wok, which means "silver eye" or "bright eye." . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, May 8, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. HAINES: I have not yet heard from Mrs. Downing, but I have taken the little girl, to do for her all in my power. It was a burden at this time, for my hands are full now to overflowing; but I felt that it was the ordering of God, and that he would strengthen me for every task he gave.

A week ago last Saturday (April 29) we found that our village here was almost deserted, the people having gone to Nauk Bay, some ten or twelve miles down the channel, to fish, there being in that place an immense run of herring. Accordingly, we put our things together and followed

the people to spend the Sabbath at their fishing-ground. Some half dozen persons who had intended remaining here till Monday went down also on Saturday, as they said they could have no Sunday here without us; so there were left in this village only a few old people and some children, among them my little girl and her grandparents. They came down to Nauk on Sabbath just in time for church. Some of the people were, I think, very glad to see us, but many looked dark at our coming; they had intended to work all that day.

On Saturday we saw them fishing. In the stern of the canoe sat a woman or child to paddle; in the prow, a man with a long pole, through which were driven many sharpened nails. This pole was used much in the same way as a paddle, but with every dip were brought up and dropped into the canoe from one to six fish. In a very short time the canoes were half filled, and then taken ashore and the fish emptied into great basins dug in the pebbly beach, where the women cleaned them and strung them on long sticks to dry. As the tide went

out children ran along the shore, and from among the sea-moss gathered fish by the tubful. The people worked late on Saturday night; we had our evening worship with a few of the children on the rocks overhanging the workers, where they could hear the hymn.

At the dawn of Sabbath six or eight canoes dropped down into the bay again for fish, but the parties soon returned with empty boats and very long faces. Of course it was the missionary who had driven away the fish (they were all gone). There were still many of the fish left over undressed from the day before, and soon the camp presented as lively an appearance as on that day. They were angry about the fish, so they set about work that they would not think of doing at home, building their drying-booths, whittling fish-sticks, cleaning fish, etc.

My husband had hoisted the flag at worship-time on Saturday evening, and at church-time on Sabbath morning we took our seats on the rock beneath it and sadly looked on at the busy hands and sullen

faces of the multitude below. A few of the school-children, who were allowed to do so, washed the black paint from their faces and came to us. We then went down and made our way through the busy crowds of people to their very midst, and Mr. Willard, taking a tin pan, drummed for them to stop work. A few did so and gathered closer around us, while the others could not but hear as they worked; others came to the afternoon service.

After church I noticed that my little Indian girl had been set to work on the fish. I knew that, child as she was, she was working against her conscience, and I called her to come to me. I was impressed with the idea that if we saved her at all from the people, now was the time for the decisive step, and after consulting together we decided to take her at once. Her people were only too glad to have the burden of her support lifted from their shoulders; so on Monday we brought home with us the filthy, half-naked little child, whom I put into a tub of warm water and scrubbed to entirety with brush and carbolic soap; then,

braiding her long soft hair, I put her first into a clean nightdress, then, for the first time in her life, into a good clean bed. The little heart grew very tender in the operation, and I trust that God enabled me to take proper advantage of it; and when I left her, after a bedtime talk and prayer and a good-night kiss, I could not but trust that the good Father had planned a noble future for the little one whom he seemed to have given to us. During the week, though it had seemed so full before that I could not possibly get anything more into it, I managed to make her an entire suit—underclothes, skirt-dress and shoes (from deer-skin) and stockings. She has gone all winter with nothing on her body except a little ragged cotton slip and but half fed, and she is only one of the many bright little girls here whom I am besought to take into our home, and for whom my heart longs and aches. But this poor weak body of mine! Oh, Mrs. Haines, we must have a home here. God will provide it, for these children must be saved, and it cannot be done in their homeless homes. It has been grow-

ing upon us ever since we came here, but each day the necessity is more apparent, each day the burden is heavier on our hearts. I did not speak to you of it before, because I knew that the Board was burdened with work still unprovided for. I have had dozens of boys and girls, of the best and brightest of our children, brought to me by their parents, who begged me to take them and teach them better things than they themselves could. . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, April 14, 1882.

DEAR DR. JACKSON: If Mr. De Groff cannot succeed in sending by canoe my things that are now in the warehouse at Juneau, I will try and go down myself to bring them. The Favorite brought only flour enough for the trader, and no potatoes at all, no bacon or other supplies. Moreover, the boat will not return before fall. . . .

We have had Indian Lot, of Fort Wrangell, with us for nearly a week. We were

glad to have some one whom we could call on to speak and to lead in prayer. He intends to go below on Monday. I bought from him about one bushel of potatoes for five dollars. . . .

Chief Shat-e-ritch sends to his son at Forest Grove a letter, in which he says, "We are so far from the mission that we do not go every day to church, but we will go in the summer. Learn all you can. I do not want you to learn only one half: learn all. When you are in the school, don't play, but study." . . .

You will probably remember the deaf-and-dumb boy whom you hired to work on the house? We have discovered that by putting my watch in his mouth he can hear the singing. He never is absent from church or prayer-meeting. I have thought that perhaps some Christian at home would like to give him an opportunity of hearing the words of life by providing him with a dentaphone.

Among our people there are three deaf persons who can all hear a loud sound, though it is impossible to hold a conver-

sation with them: there is but one who cannot speak.

May 9.—I have had several talks with different Indians about taking mail to Juneau. They will not go for less than thirty dollars per month; some want forty. They say they will need a large Hydah canoe and have at least three men in it. If there is any kind of a sea on, they cannot move with the canoes. . . .

May 12.—I did not succeed in sending the mail, as I had expected, though it got as far as the middle of the bay, when the Indians said that some of the letters were sent to the storekeepers to tell them what the prices of skins were; so back came the mail. But this afternoon the Favorite blew her whistle in our harbor, and by her I can send to Sitka. She did not stop at Juneau; therefore our mail is not here and our freight is still in their warehouse.

My traveling has commenced, as the Indians are away fishing. On the 30th of April we camped among the Indians, about ten miles down the coast. There was at that time a depth of four or five feet of

snow on the ground; at present there is about one foot. I used a tin pan for a bell and a fine gravel-beach for a meeting-house. Don-a-wok's canoe and tent were secured; so we were comparatively comfortable.

I would like to go up the Dy-ya Inlet, where all the people of the village are fishing, but have no way of getting there. I do not like these good-for-nothing canoes: you must sit just so, look just so and breathe just so, or over they go. . . .

I was visited the other evening by the old Crow chief who gave us the house at the upper village. He said he wanted me to take his words and send them to the officers, telling them to have pity on those who want to live in peace, and who do not want to see their friends fighting among themselves, adding, "And do not let the people buy molasses, for it is no good." He then told me that a Sitka Indian had taken to the upper village one large barrel of molasses and two small ones. He wanted me to help him; he wants the children taught, so that they will not grow up as the

people now are—"all bad." He said, "The men drink, the women drink, the children drink, the babies drink." Another man said to me, "I don't understand why all people don't talk the same language." He wanted to learn to be a Christian. . . .

May 24.—I have never before appreciated our utter helplessness. Mrs. Willard has been sick for two weeks, with medicines no nearer than Juneau. . . .

The native teachers, Louis and Tillie, for the upper village, have been with us one week. We were unable to procure a canoe to take them up the river to their station, as all the Indians are away fishing. We were glad to welcome them, and took them into our house, at the same time telling them we could not do for them as we would if Mrs. Willard were well, and that until she was able to walk they should take our stove and our stores as their own and help themselves.

Mrs. Willard's sickness was of such a dangerous character as to require the most constant attention day and night; but I hope a turning-point has been reached

and that she will soon be in her usual health.

We have had fine weather for weeks back, and now the snow has gone. We have radishes, onions, lettuce, beets, cabbage and tomato-plants growing in boxes, waiting until I can get the ground broken. I hope to have plenty of vegetables for next year.

I have concluded to build a small log house for the teachers at the upper village, for the following reasons: 1. Increasing complications in regard to the ownership and disposal of the proffered Indian house, and on this account the inadvisability of putting much expense on it; 2. There is no lumber here to fix it with; 3. Louis being able to get out shakes for a roof, I will be enabled to build a comfortable log dwelling at less expense. . . .

June 1.—Again we were favored by the arrival of a small canoe from Juneau, bringing some of our letters. We were rejoiced to see your letter, as we always are. . . .

We were enabled to send Louis and Tillie to the upper village on Saturday. They

will fix themselves up as comfortably as possible in the large house until I can get some way to send them more comfortable things. Having left their small cook-stove at Juneau, they must camp until it is sent up. I told Louis to start a garden, and while his food is growing he can work at the house.

Our people are still fishing, and we have but two scholars—one the faithful Willis. It will not be long, however, before the children will return, as the small fish are leaving.

No, we have not been burned out nor removed by a tornado; we have been slightly *rocked* by an earthquake. It only made the windows rattle a little. The house was slightly jarred by the breaking of a glacier on what is called the Shooting Mountain, on the Chilcat side, a little above the Davidson glacier. . . .

June 11, 1883.—I am unable to finish as I wanted to do. A canoe goes to Juneau to-day. I can manage to get from one room to another, and that is about all I can do; I have now been sick for a little over

a week. My right hand and arm are swollen to twice the natural size. Mrs. Willard is a little better.

Your brother in Christ,

EUGENE S. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION MANSE,
HAINES, ALASKA, June 29, 1882.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.—

DEAR BROTHER: We are still prisoners, but I rejoice to say that I have the use of my hands—at least, for a little while at a time—and my husband can walk, though slowly and feebly. It has been indeed a dark time; for many days we thought the end had come for us. Before I was able to move myself Mr. Willard hurt his hand digging in the garden; it at once took such a malignant form that it seemed beyond all human means—at least, in this country—to save his life; we gave up hope, but not effort, faith and prayer, and God blessed us. While we both lay prostrate our only aid* —the little ten-year-old Indian girl—was

* The whole family were dying for want of suitable food, and were soon after rescued by a steamer sent from Sitka for their relief.

taken with scarlet-fever, and in a few days after our baby Carrie also. To save her life we had to exert all our strength and skill. My arms were made strong to hold, bathe and pack her; her father drew us with one hand from the bed to the stove on a rocking-chair. We had been unable to get ourselves any warm, good food for so long that I think we should at last have perished all together with exhaustion if Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson had not come to our aid and offered us Jack long enough to cook us something each day; and when he left them and us after a few days, Mr. Dickinson very kindly finished the week cooking for us himself. The children are both nearly well now, and we are all gaining.

Mr. Willard had intended going to the upper village to-day, taking a man with him to dress his hand and cook for him—for he is desperate—but Louis and Tillie came down to-day, very blue and homesick, I fear, though they are very well and have had plenty to do. Their school even now numbers between fifty and sixty; they have put in a garden, and Mr. Willard had told Louis

to get out his shingles and logs as fast as he could, but of this latter work I believe he has done nothing. The Indians have taken possession of the large house given to the mission, and are going to tear it entirely down to build up new as a monument to the dead. Shat-e-ritch has told us repeatedly that it will then be the mission house, but it seems that he has nothing whatever to say about it, and the other Indians say that when it is finished they will have rent for it.

But how are we to get anything from Juneau? We must have a boat of our own. We have had no freight since last fall, except our piano. The Favorite brought us not even a letter last time. Our potatoes and other provisions have been lying so long in the warehouse there that I suppose by this time they are past use, while we suffer for want of them and pay high rates of storage. It drives my husband almost wild, especially since he cannot work. He paces the floor, and I scarcely know whether he has greater distress of mind or body. He says he "may as

well be locked up in a box." But "No, no!" I tell him; "it is not so bad, because we are free to teach Christ to these people. They cannot shut our mouths as long as the spirit is kept in our bodies, and you know we expected trials." We have not been able to get a canoe at any price, even when we were dying, as we thought, for medicine, which might have been had only seventy-five miles away. Fish in their season are more to the Indians than anything else, and all are using their boats. We feel a good deal "cast down," you see, but oh, "not in despair." God will take care of his work here; we are sure of that. We are not necessary to its success. If we should not be spared to do it, I will believe that it is because some one else can carry it on better; but oh how I thank him for the privilege of doing at least one year's hard work in Chilcat! I want to tell you that I do feel sometimes as though my course were almost run. If it should be and I am not permitted to write you again, I want to give you these words: Please do not feel, nor allow the Board to feel that

they made a mistake in sending us, even though it was but for a year or two. God sent us here, and when he calls us away our special work will be done, however imperfectly. Oh how my heart yearns over this people that God will send his Spirit among them mightily and establish his work! Would that I might see the church and Home here, and, more than all, some fruit of souls saved! but I know that all will be well.

Though our path has led toward the valley of shadows, yet the days have been long and bright. On the 21st of June the sun rose at quarter of three A. M., setting at quarter after nine P. M. Of course the darkest hour was only like early twilight; so that "even the night is light about us."

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Presbyterian Sabbath-School of East Springfield, New York.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, July 18, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Since last quarter God has been giving us very different

work from that of previous times, calling us to bear instead of to do, and I have been wondering whether or not I should let you see the missionary's cloudland as well as his castles.

You know Jesus said, "Take up your cross and follow me." We did not leave ours in Pennsylvania when we came as missionaries to this remote place, where there are neither doctors, nurses nor medicines. We have all been very sick, near unto death; and down among those shadows where my husband, little Carrie and myself traveled together, yet apart, true and precious to us proved the Master's words, "I am with you" and "My grace is sufficient for you."

If I am unable to send you a full and satisfactory letter this time, you will now understand why, and excuse me. I have not gained good physical strength, and my husband is entirely disabled from writing, or in any way using his right hand. It still requires much attention and is painful. . . .

Our people, so impatient of the long winter and really needing food, lost no time in

getting to their old haunts as soon as the small fish began to run, in April. We had long hoped to be the possessors of some sort of a boat in time to enable us to begin touring when the people did. This hope not being realized, we were fortunate enough to secure passage on the last Saturday in April in Chief Don-a-wok's canoe, bound for Nauk Bay, whither the people had gone that week for herring. Leaving here, as we did, with the ground still covered with snow and no sign of spring, we were a little surprised to find there not more than a foot of snow, and in many places none at all, but little tiny wild plants and blossoms growing. I wish I could show you just how beautiful it looked. We came first upon the little bay where the people were tented near the shore in booths made of fir- and spruce-boughs, with here and there a sail-cloth hung in fantastic fashion. More important to the Indians than these were the fish-booths, or frames, upon which were already hanging the herring by hundreds of dozens, drying in the sun. These were erected upon the verge of the dark-

green wood, above and beyond which rose the snow-topped mountains, while immediately in front sloped the clean gravel-beach to the glassy surface, that was fairly alive with canoes.

This little nook one comes upon very suddenly, so hidden is it in approaching by high, precipitous rocks covered with a wild growth of pine. Here on the rocks, among the sighing trees and overhanging the busy camp on the beach, we pitched our mission tent, intent on fishing too—for souls.

As we entered the bay it lay in profound silence except for the splashing of the waterfalls among the rocks, the dipping of our own paddles, the startled cry of eagles and the constant screech of seagulls, the number of which I have never seen equaled elsewhere. They filled the air and covered the water like monstrous flakes in a heavy snow-storm. . . .

This has been our only Sabbath out in all this summer so far, for after that Dona-wok did not come back, and there was neither boat nor man to be hired on any terms. Soon after, our native teachers,

Tillie Paul and her husband, Louis, from the McFarland Home, at Fort Wrangell, came to take charge of a school in the upper village. We were anxious to get the work started there, particularly as Mr. Willard had decided to put them up a log house, in which they might be independent of the people and more secure in case of further hoochinoo trouble; but here came in our boat-trouble again. With so much to be done all over our field, we were tied hand and foot for weeks. When passage was found for our teachers, the small amount of lumber we had to put into the house was still obliged to wait, and has done so until to-day, when a volunteer canoe has come from the upper village to take it, and to-morrow my husband expects to go up with it and get the building under way.

The people have treated the new teachers very kindly, furnishing them, free of charge, all the fish they could use, and giving them two barrels in which to pack salted fish for winter use, besides many other favors, saying they will not allow

the teachers to starve as the minister has to do down here.

A good school has been started with from sixty to seventy scholars even in this busy time. Mr. Willard expects to visit it and preach once a month; he would have done so even if he had had to climb the trackless mountains, I believe, had it not been for our long illness. . . .

We have had word from our secretary, Mrs. F. E. H. Haines, that a white lady-teacher will be sent us some time during this summer. We are so happy in anticipation! but how she is to reach here we cannot tell. We pray God to take care of her and bring her safely through all the wild perils of the way.

Now I must speak of that dear project of mine mentioned in a former letter—a Home for our Chilcat children. I wish I could tell you that it is begun, or that we had even five dollars in hand to pay for twenty logs, and we should order them to-night, for many of the men are now free for a little while. We dare not go on without the money to pay for each day's work as

soon as it is done, and the Indians want it in silver, which is almost impossible to obtain here. It could be sent us, however, by our friends, in registered packages, by mail, and should be sewed up in strong bags covered with paper.

Some time ago we received a letter which gave us some of the most thankful joy we ever knew. It told us that the ladies of your church had devoted a gift to the Home. It was the earnest of God's blessing upon our effort to build up such a Home, and we thanked him for the whole gift, because we knew it was sure to come. We had thought of starting the boys' department first, because that could be soonest made self-supporting; but with that welcome letter from you came another also, from a personal friend long unheard from, who proposed to support a girl in our Home, laboring under the impression that we were in charge of one similar to that at Fort Wrangell. The money had already been forwarded to the Board for one year's support. Another letter came from another State, to the same effect, and also in-

forming us that the McFarland Home was too full to admit any more. This all seemed to us plain providence; forty dollars toward the Home and the support of the two girls already paid into the treasury. We could not do as well for the boys this year; a larger guarantee would be necessary for a beginning there. It was not quite so plain how we should take care of the children until the plan would develop enough to enable us to employ a matron; but God gave us a thought for that, and we determined to get logs and what shingles we could with the Springfield money; and if no more came, we could take out some of our own windows for this year, and build a good log house of four rooms, which in the future would be but a wing of the great Home. As to fitting it up, although we have but little, we would gladly give the use of such things as we have until means are provided for the purchase of more for the Home.

This decided upon, I sat down and wrote the whole plan to Mrs. Haines, asking if she could send us a teacher with sufficient

consecration and physical strength to take charge of the few girls whose support should be secured for this year; so we are waiting and praying. Of all things, I should love to take the care of these children myself, but I have already the work of three persons, with only the strength of one wee bit of a woman; but we hope to be all one in the good work, and helpfully and lovingly work together for good. If we could only begin! It is so important it should be soon, not only that all may be in readiness before the setting in of our early winter, but because time means life, purity and salvation to these girls. One of our best and most earnest girls in seeking truth has been shut up in a little dark hole these three months. If we could promise to provide entirely for her, I do not know but that her parents would give her up to us, though their custom requires her to be kept in that dark solitude for two years.

The interior country promises much in gold. The excitement on the coast and in all the mining region of the territory is, we are told, becoming intense, and there is

prophesied a great rush very soon, with our mission station as the centre. A party of ten miners from Arizona passed in a week ago. They make nineteen who are connected; the others have been in the interior a year. We hear that a company is coming up from Juneau, and that a boat is being fitted out at San Francisco and going around to meet these nineteen on the head-waters of the Yukon. That river is navigable from its mouth to within seventy-five miles of us. . . .

Oh that we had seen the Home started first! . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, August 14, 1882.

MY DEAR PARENTS: Of course you wonder how and why we are here. It would be impossible for you to realize why, for you could not understand what our necessities and our sufferings have been; and I am so glad that you cannot! There seemed to be no help on the earth, and, though we cried, the heavens seemed brass; but, thank God! we were able to say, though

it was with blind, numb hearts, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

When I thought our little Carrie might be left alone, I wrote a note to Mrs. Austin asking her to keep our baby, if need should be, until she could be taken to you. Her great, loving mother-heart was roused at once, and sleeplessly and prayerfully she sought how she might help us. At last, with Mr. Brady, they succeeded in getting the Rose, which belongs to Mr. Brady's partners, to run up to Chilcat to carry our freight and bring us down, we paying the bare running expenses of the vessel—one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Mr. Brady and Mrs. Austin came and managed everything—put our goods in, packed our trunks and made it possible for us to come. As it was, even with the greatest care and providentially fine weather, it seemed as though we should hardly reach Sitka alive; but here we are, and such nursing, such food and such care we could know nowhere else save with you. We were all greatly reduced both from suffering and want of food.

Dear little Carrie gets all the milk she wants now, and already her cheeks are growing round and rosy, while I am distressed only at what they oblige me to eat of the meat for which I was dying, and the beautiful fresh berries, which are so delicious! I am sure I shall soon regain all that I had lost, and be strong as ever and ready for any duty that may be given to me. God is very good to us, and I long to be again able to serve him.

Mr. Brady knew nothing about the barrel of clothing, and, although it had been in the warehouse since May, it was the only thing of all our goods which they did not bring up on the Rose; and it was just what we wanted here. It was opened the day after we came, and almost overwhelmed us with gladness. I cannot tell you anything about it at all, and you will never know how precious and timely your goodness was till you all reach heaven. I wish I had the strength to write to each one who helped to give us so much comfort and happiness. We think the whole contents of the barrel perfect; but I must wait. We do

not know when we will get back home to Chilcat—before many months, we hope, though mother Austin says it is impossible for Baby and me to go this winter in the little open boat, and that is the only way now to be seen; but the Lord, who hath ever been our helper, will provide all things needful. . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, October 3, 1882.

DEAR PARENTS: The Wachusette will sail for San Francisco to-day, having been relieved by the man-of-war Adams. The captain of the latter, as also of the former, is favorable to missions, and declares himself a friend to the missionaries.

We are in doubt as to just how we are to return to our field, as the steamer Rose has met with an accident, having run on a rock, and the owners are in doubt as to whether they will fix her up again.

Our little Fred will be three weeks old to-morrow; he weighed nine pounds. Little Carrie is almost wild with joy over

her "baby b'lov-a H'litz." She kisses us "Good-night" and goes away to sleep in another room by herself, happy in seeing Baby safe with me. She is distressed sometimes lest somebody take him away.

We are to have communion before Dr. Sheldon Jackson goes back, when he is to baptize little Fred. . . .

Oh, my mother, I have wanted you! but the Lord knows it all, and he has been with us, and these dear friends have shown us all loving-kindness. Only God can repay them.

What we would do without Miss Bessie Matthews now here, I am sure I do not know. Dear Mrs. Austin has congestion of the retina and is in great danger of going blind. Oh what she has done for me and mine! It can never be repaid in this world.

October 14.—In regard to the publishing of the letters, I am persuaded to permit it. They are so imperfect—were often written with Baby on my lap, and more often with the Indians about me asking all sorts of questions—that I would prefer to take bits

from them, adding more and better; but they are wanted soon, and there will not be time. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, October 24, 1882.

MY DEAR PARENTS: Resting on one elbow, I am trying to write a little to send by the U. S. S. Corwin on its way south from the polar sea. I am sitting up part of the time now. . . .

It does seem as though God had sent our troubles to make our cup larger, and then ordered it refilled with joy. "Not our duty to go back again to that dreadful country," you say? No, not till God opens the way to go, I try to comfort myself and gain patience and strength for biding his time with the thought that he best knows what his work needs; and when he sees us prepared and our work necessary, he will send a boat to take us home. And oh how gladly we will go! The poor people have been so on our hearts! they need us so much! You write of them as "dreadful people," and in one sense they

are; but it is their darkness, their blindness. And who hath made us to differ? Surely, He whom we long to show to them.

October 30.—They are having great trouble in Kill-is-noo, about halfway between here and Chilcat, where the North-West Trading Company have their chief post, store and great whale-fishery and oil-works. While they were putting up the wharf in the spring, one of the Indians was accidentally killed by the falling of a tree. As he was in the company's employ, of course, in the eyes of Indian law, they were responsible, and a payment of two hundred blankets was demanded. The company agreed to pay forty, but Captain Merriman, of the man-of-war Adams, ordered that no payment should be made.

Things have gone on, until Sabbath before last, when the launch and whale-boat were out after a whale, a harpoon-bomb burst, and one of the Indians—a medicine-man—was killed. In a very short time about three hundred of the tribe had surrounded the boats, which they captured,

taking the white men prisoners. The captain of the launch made out to send a line of advice to Captain Vanderbilt, in the village, that they would take the Favorite too. The note was carried by one of the Indians who had been in the boat with the medicine-man and escaped to the woods from his people. Captain Vanderbilt at once conveyed his family to the Favorite, and, leaving in the night, ran down here for the man-of-war. Arriving the next evening, he left his family and started back at twelve o'clock the same night, accompanied by the Corwin, in charge of Captain Merriman and his force. Four hundred blankets were demanded for taking the whites prisoners. The Indians said they would not pay. The captain gave the people two hours to remove their things, then commanded the guns to fire; and away went the village, all but four houses which he wished saved; forty canoes were broken. He said "if he was called there to settle any more such troubles there would not be a man left to tell there ever was such a tribe." The effect of this on our people will be of the

utmost moment to us; but the Lord is God and will care for his own work.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson was here four weeks, and in that time they had the immense Home-building almost under roof. It is a solid building of one hundred by fifty feet, in a beautiful location. On the Sabbath before he left we had our first communion since leaving home, and he baptized our precious baby "Frederick Eugene Austin." It seemed to me that I had hardly known the meaning of communion before. Here, in the uttermost end of the earth, a handful of believers, in a little upper room, had sweet fellowship with God and with his children throughout the world. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, November 22, 1882.

DEAR PARENTS: I sent you word by the last mail of our little Carrie's illness, because we had no reason to hope that we should not have the sadder news to tell you this time, and I thought it would be such a shock. For several days the doc-

tor gave us no hope, but God has been most merciful to us: she is slowly getting well. She is not yet able to walk and is still very thin and white, but living and evidently getting well.

I had only begun to sit up for a few minutes at a time when she was taken so suddenly and dangerously ill. The doctor, who had most providentially been sent here just a few days before, was very attentive. Two others were here temporarily on the government vessels, and with them he consulted several times. As it seemed, she would surely have died without this aid; but, you see, God gave all that was necessary, and oh how our hearts go out to him for all his loving-kindness!

As to our going back to Chilcat, we feel very certain that our work is there; and surely God has most signally revealed his strong arm in our behalf. Has he not kept us through everything? It is not at all probable that we shall ever again be exposed to the trials and sufferings which we have endured; at any rate, God is able to bring us through. We will be very

happy to go back when he opens the way for us.

The hardest thing about it is in regard to food for the children. Of course, there we have no fresh meat, eggs or milk. Baby Fred is doing well on this cow's good milk; I do not like the thought of taking it from him, but he is such a strong, healthy little fellow he will not miss it as much as will his little sister. We have sent for imperial granum and Ridge's baby-food, and Mr. Willard will try to have venison sent from Juneau through the winter.

Haines is just being made a post-office, through the efforts of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and Mr. Willard is to be postmaster; so we shall likely have a mail every month, and after we get our steam-launch things will be very different. We do appreciate your efforts to gain that for us, and thank you so much!

Another of God's great mercies to us was his sending dear Bessie Matthews just when he did. She has been everything in this household.

Mrs. Austin has almost lost the use of

her eyes. For more than a month the doctor has not allowed her to do anything, and Miss Matthews has been both hands and eyes to her, besides sharing in the nursing. Of all the unselfish people I have known, my mother, Mrs. Austin and Bessie Matthews stand at the head of the list.

Did I tell you that when dear Mother Austin heard of our sickness she was determined to come to us in a canoe?—a distance of over two hundred miles, in traversing which many and many a canoe is lost. And since we have been here her devotion and love have never dimmed day or night. No money could ever repay it, and I greatly long to be able to do something for her. . . . Our Chilcat Home is surely to be built. . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Sabbath-School of the Presbyterian Church of East Springfield, New York.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, November 17, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I think you must have heard already of our long-continued trials in sickness, as well as our great joy

over a beautiful new baby-boy, whom we call Fred. He came to us on the 13th day of September, just the day after that precious barrel came from you—the barrel about which I was too ill to know anything for six weeks. Then we had a grand opening-day, and we wished, as you did, that you could have been partakers with us of that feast. There were some tears shed, but I need not tell you that they were not for grief.

I was still unable to sit up any, and, as her papa unpacked the barrel in my room, our little two-year-old Carrie trotted back and forth, bringing me the things to look at. She stood on tiptoe, trying to peer into the treasure-house, and as one by one the articles were lifted to her sight she clapped her little hands before seizing them, then ran with them to me, her face all aglow and all the way calling, "Mamma! Oh, oh, mamma! See! Oh, oh!" and her papa's and mamma's pleasure was just as sincere as hers.

All the way from little Grace Robinson's blocks and Joel Rathbun's baby-mittens to

the dear old grandmother's precious green flannel, from the advertising cards to that great beautiful unabridged Webster, everything was full of beauty and grace to us, so rich had they been made by your love. We thank you a thousand times, and are still your debtors in love. I should like to speak to each dear giver and of each gift individually, but it is impossible to do so now.

That glad opening-day, so full of joy to our little Carrie, was, I believe, the last day she was able to be up. During my long illness there had been no physician here, but at this time there were three, or we think our precious child could not have lived through her terrible attack. For days we watched and nursed her, not knowing what hour would be the last of that bright life with us; but God spared her, and she is now slowly recovering, though still weak as a little babe and very thin and white.

Of course, I am worn with much suffering and long watching; so please pardon if I write but a dull letter.

Our "Home" is not begun, and our hearts are full of sadness to think of our poor people so long without us. We are so happy and grateful for the deep and unexpected interest that our Home-project has created, and for the generous responses to our call for means. We have been informed of the receipt by the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of nearly one thousand dollars for this purpose, and you know that we have the promise of more. Since this is the case, and we have been prevented from beginning a little and early Home, we are hoping to hear of further contributions—enough to justify our beginning, in the early spring, a building to cost not above four thousand dollars. To be able to accomplish this next summer we must know that every cent is certain, in time to send below to Oregon and have the lumber come up on the spring steamer. Our building, as we have planned it, will be forty by sixty feet, for both boys and girls, and will cost so much because freights are about double those to Sitka. The money sent to the Board should be

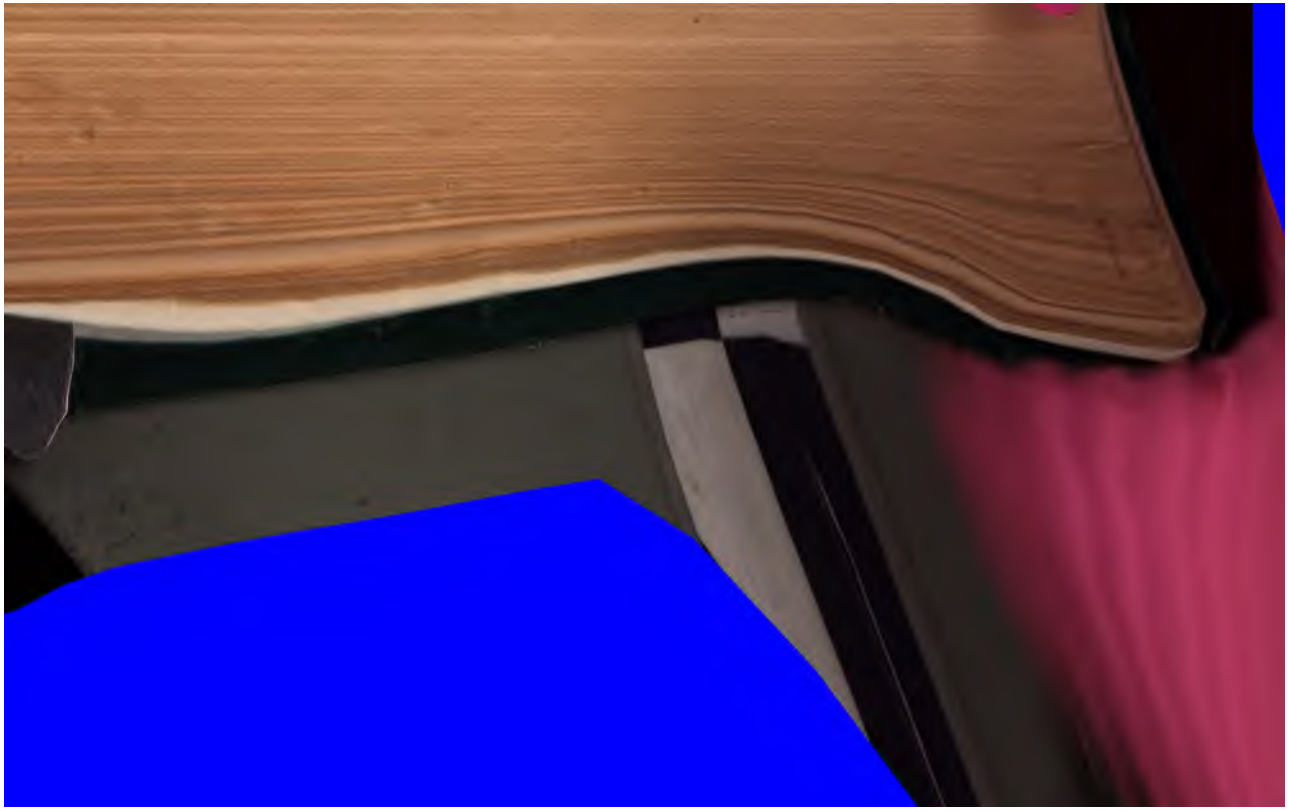
plainly and emphatically labeled "*For the building of the Chilcat Home.*"

Dr. Sheldon Jackson came up on the September steamer to superintend the building of the new Sitka Home, bringing with him Miss Bessie L. Matthews, of Monmouth, Illinois, to take charge of our school in Haines. When our Home is in full running-order, we will have another teacher, and Miss Matthews will be its worthy matron; so you must know and love her henceforth as a member of your missionary family. Now she awaits our return, when she will accompany us and begin school-work; but surely God sent her when she came here, for what we all should have done without her I do not know, as good Mrs. Austin has had sickness in her own family, and her eyes have been so badly affected that the physician forbade her doing anything.

Dr. Jackson also brought Miss Kate A. Rankin as an assistant matron to Mrs. A. R. McFarland at Fort Wrangell, and Miss Clara A. Gould to take charge of the school at Jackson, under her brother, who recently

entered that field. He and Mr. McFarland (who married Miss Dunbar at Fort Wrangell) were laymen ordained for this work.

We have now five Presbyterian ministers in Alaska—Mr. John G. Brady, who came out to the Sitka mission in 1878, but is now engaged in mercantile business here, Mr. S. H. Young, who has charge of the Wrangell work, my husband and the two new comers first mentioned. This number enables us to have a Presbytery, and at our first meeting we hope to have Mr. Austin, of this station, ordained. Although he was commissioned by the Board as a lay-teacher, he has been, and is, doing most excellently a minister's work here. Our meeting is to convene at Sitka, as it is the most central station, being about two hundred and seventy-five miles south of Haines, one hundred and fifty miles north-west of Fort Wrangell, and about two hundred and seventy-five miles north of Jackson. Hoonyah (Boyd) where Mr. Styles, a son-in-law of Mr. Austin, taught last year, is about halfway to Haines and north of Sitka. Haines is by steamer one hundred and five



ter will send us back to our own work in Chilcat, but by what means we do not know. CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Sabbath-School of the Presbyterian Church of East Springfield, New York.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, December 21, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: To-day I shall try to fulfill my promise of writing you something further regarding our Chilcat people. And first it shall be respecting their belief as to death and the future life and their mode of disposing of the dead.

With them, as with us, man is an immortal soul, living for ever in bliss or distress. Their heaven they call "the beautiful, beautiful island," being surrounded by a green water so vast and limitless that no spirit can find its way to rest and happiness. Even to the outer edge—to the earth-side—of this Indian's eternity it is a long, weary way, for the comfort and successful issue of which great preparations are made. They destroy at a burial-feast the savings of a lifetime and rob the living to heap

upon the dead. As soon as it becomes evident or probable that a person is about to die all effort at saving the life is given up and every energy bent toward ensuring a comfortable journey.

Last winter, when a little child was sick and suffering greatly from exposure and inadequate clothing, I insisted on its parents bringing out blankets and keeping the baby warm, but "they had none"—"they were poor;" neither could they buy any food for it. After keeping it in my own house and tending it till it grew much better, I dressed it in good warm clothing of my own baby's—woolen stockings, skirt, etc.; then, charging the mother that she must keep it so dressed, that its life depended on it, I allowed her to take it home. At midnight there was a knock on our window, and, springing up, I found the father of the child in great distress, begging me to come, as they thought the child was dying. A few moments more and I was with the little one, who lay in his mother's arms unconscious and scarcely breathing. It was evidently congestion of the lungs, from

which he had no strength to rally. They had stripped him upon going home, and folded away the garments in a treasure-box, to be in readiness if he should die.

When I saw him next, it was in full equipment for the journey. The small face was painted with vermilion, the head turbaned with a bright handkerchief, and every article of good clothing he possessed, together with what I had given him, was on him now; and, besides, they had made mittens and tied them on his hands. In a little bag hung about his neck were charms for his safety and a paper containing a quantity of red powder for use on the way. The body was placed in a sitting posture, with the knees drawn up against the breast and held in place by a bandage. Then over and around all were beautiful white woolen blankets enough to make any mother's heart comfortable.

The body always sits thus in state until all the arrangements are perfected for its burning, which takes place at sunrise. On the night before, the friends of the tribe are called together at the house of the deceased,

when the roll of rank is called, the highest chief being called first. One man takes his position close to the great blazing fire in the centre of the room. The logs are piled together for this social fire in log-house fashion, four-square and three or four high, the flames sometimes reaching even through and above the roof. He has beside him a large wooden tray of tobacco, from which he fills the pipe-bowls of all the friends. One by one, as they are filled, a little boy lights and starts them, then hands them to the waiting circle. They are smoked and exchanged again and again in silence, except for the occasional slow and solemn speech of some member, which elicits now and then a monotonous refrain from another, all retaining their seats. Then the chiefs with wooden staves beat time on the floor, while the men sing a wild and weird strain, into which, ever and anon, the women, with their blackened faces and close-cut hair, burst with shrill cries, which fall again into a low dying wail. At sunrise the body, which has been wrapped, and wrapped again, in the best of blankets, is

CHILCAT MAN IN NATIVE COSTUME, WITH WOODEN HAT, STONE MORTAR AND CARVED WOODEN STAFF.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

raised by ropes made of skin through the opening in the roof, as no Indian would dare to carry a dead body through the door. Some of the other tribes take out a board from the back of the house, and after removing through it the body a dog is led through, that any attending evil may fall upon it.

The cremation takes place at some distance from the houses. What stands for their burying-ground is usually of a rolling character—that is, on a little hill—and presents a peculiar appearance, a village of miniature houses, each built on four high stakes. These houses are the receptacles of the box into which have been put the bones and ashes of the burned body, and are never opened save by the "witches," who leave no outward traces of their visits, and by the friends of some "bewitched" person, who search for the misplaced bone that has caused the trouble.

On the night after the burning of the body is celebrated the "Co-ek-y"—the feast for the dead. Another tribe is invited. Red paint is used with the black.

There is much noisy music and dancing. Great quantities of berries and salmon-oil

TOTEM DISH OF CINNAMON BEAR OR HOOTS TRIBE, WITH TABLE MAT.

From a Drawing by Mrs. Willard.

are brought out in huge dishes and placed on the floor before the guests (or among them, rather, as every bowl is surrounded); then, as they eat together, wooden dishes of similar food and of flour, sugar, and whatever else they are able to obtain, are placed in the fire and burned; so that, being thus spiritualized, as they think, it may be partaken of by the spirit of their friend, so lately freed from the body by fire, and which is still hovering about before starting on the journey. After this the music and dancing are again resumed, and then comes the display for which the entire family has been saving and gathering—it may

be, many years—and for which they generally suffer in absolute want for years to come. Great heaps of blankets, all new and good, webs of cloth, muslin and calico,

CHILCAT SHAWL MADE FROM THE WOOL OF THE WILD MOUNTAIN GOAT AND COVERED WITH TOTEMIC EMBLEMS.

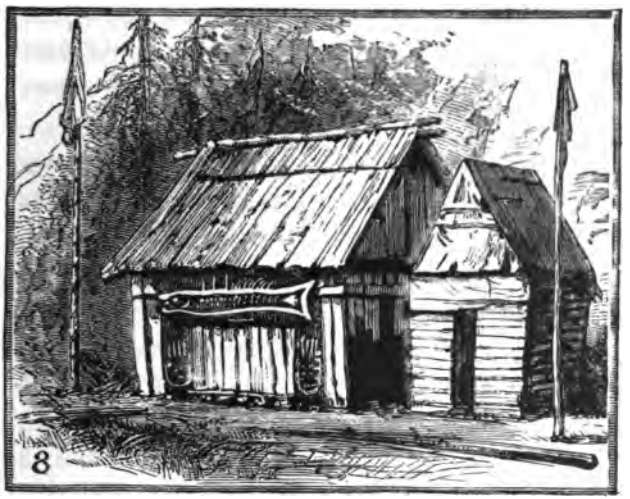
are brought out and laid before a man appointed to dispose of them. With two assistants he cuts and tears all these things into small strips. This being done with a

peculiar carved and inlaid hook kept for that purpose, they are distributed among the people, who treasure them as precious possessions, and by sewing them together construct a garment after the style of Joseph's coat of many colors. Sometimes we see a coat made of three pieces obtained at different times, when the body will be striped red, yellow, purple and green, one sleeve of blue, the other of brown. Dresses are gotten up in the same unique fashion—it may be, of a dozen different patterns and colors.

This feast ends the ceremonies, which, according to their belief, are participated in by the dead. Afterward, if the deceased be a male of high class, the heir or heiress must build a great dwelling-house with feasting and dancing, to stand an empty monument to the departed.

To this prevailing custom there are no exceptions, save in the preserving of the bodies of the medicine-men, and in cases of drowning when the body cannot be recovered. The bodies of medicine-men are never burned, because their spirits leave

the bodies only to enter new ones. It is thus that the "Kah-nauk-salute" ("medi-



"MEDICINE-MEN" GRAVES.

cine-man") is born. If, after the death of an Indian doctor, a woman dreams that his spirit has entered her unborn child, or if a child is born with red hair or with curly hair, it is sacred from its birth, and its hair is inviolate always from shears or comb. After his death the body is held in terrible awe, and is wrapped in the best of everything. His face is painted with red, his

hair powdered with eagle's down (which he used to a great extent in his incantations), and at last he is bound in his wraps like a mummy and laid away in some wild rocky gorge, or in a cave which the waves have worn.

There is always great virtue pertaining to the body of a medicine-man, and its presence is indispensable at the initiation of new doctors. I have been with the Indians in passing by one of these sepulchres, and it is always with hushed tones and gestures of awe and terror that they speak of what it holds. If they have with them young children as they pass the haunted spot, a handful of down is held over the child and blown away, to carry off any evil influence that may have been cast upon it by the dark spirits that guard the place.

More than any other form of death, more than the most excruciating torture, the Indian dreads drowning. Going through the water, he is never utterly freed from the clogs of earth; he is unequipped for the journey through a land of mystery; for ages he must wander hungry and cold,

with scarcely a possibility of at last finding the great green water which lies between every soul and heaven. When a soul has gained for itself the right to eternal happiness, it sees, upon approaching the great river, a canoe in waiting to convey it to the happy land; a sure entrance and an everlasting security are assured. The wicked also gain the shore, but are doomed to eternal waiting. CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Ladies' Home Mission Society, Schenectady, New York.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, November 29, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. POTTER: If ever I write you, you say. If ever I do *not* write after receiving such tokens of loving thought as those two packages from Schenectady proved to be, I shall not be myself. At any rate, I am so glad of that writing-paper which you so kindly sent! We thank you, and through you wish to thank all the good people who had part in the good deed. It is only in circumstances like ours, cut off from home comforts, that Christian friend-

ship can be appreciated at its full worth. Even the slightest tokens, when sent so far and received by us in our isolation and loneliness, bring with them a strange power to warm and thrill our hearts.

Would you truly like to hear how the bundles were opened? Well, it was in Sitka instead of in Chilcat, because we have had no way of getting home since our beautiful baby-boy came, in September.

On the day after the steamer left, when Mr. Austin opened his box and brought to us our share of its contents, baby Fred lay asleep in his cradle, sick Carrie sat propped among her pillows, with her mamma close beside, while on the floor before us papa disclosed the treasures. The first thing which attracted my attention was the blue-and-white coverlet. It looked so familiar and home-like, for my own dear mother spun the yarn for and wove just such a one long before she was my mother; and this is a fine specimen. I know its labor-cost well enough to appreciate its worth, and it will be additionally valuable to us. I know we shall be besieged for it by the covetous

Chilcats. Next came the nice white bedspread and sheets and pillowcases, the towels, the warm woolly blankets, etc., all of which, as they came to view, brought new exclamations of delight. Last of all we looked at the little things for baby Carrie, and I do wish that you all could have seen her as they were handed to her. Her pleasure was an ecstacy. She must have them on right away; and when I had put on her the little blue dress, it would have added much to our pleasure if the good mother whose darling had first worn it could have seen mine wear it then. She is called a beautiful child, and I think she is, with her long sunny curls, big blue eyes and wonderful skin, and she looked so sweet in the perfectly-fitting little dress! They are exactly the right size. Katchkeel-ah, our little Indian girl, was also thoroughly pleased with her mittens, while even the little black urchin who peeped in at the window had his share of the gladness. Let us all thank you again.

We do not know how soon the way will be opened for our return home, but we

hope it may be before long. We are longing to be back with our own people.

Have you heard that we are to have a Home for children at Haines? It is to be built next summer, and I am going to tell you that we will need everything for it, from a piece of soap to curtains and carpet, from shoes to bonnets and capes. We are to have both boys and girls; and when time and strength will permit, I shall be glad to tell you more of our plans and of our work. But for this time I must close.

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE,
SITKA, ALASKA, March 12, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Why, yes indeed I will tell you about Sitka! Did you think it was on Sitka Island? I thought so once, but I have not been able to find it so outside the geographies. I well remember trying, before we came to Alaska, to get its points by heart; but the more I learned, the less I knew.

I do hope that I shall not puzzle you

THE HARBOR OF SITKA, WITH OUTLYING ISLANDS.

further. Sitka is situated on a beautiful harbor bearing the same name and indenting the western coast of Baranoff Island. Great mountains to the east and the north stand guard over the little town nestling at their feet, sheltering it from the cold winds and snow that, blowing from the far icy inland, strike these old protectors and turn their stern heads white. Seaward, too, island fortifications thrown up in the long-ago shield this favored child-city from the roughness of the waters.

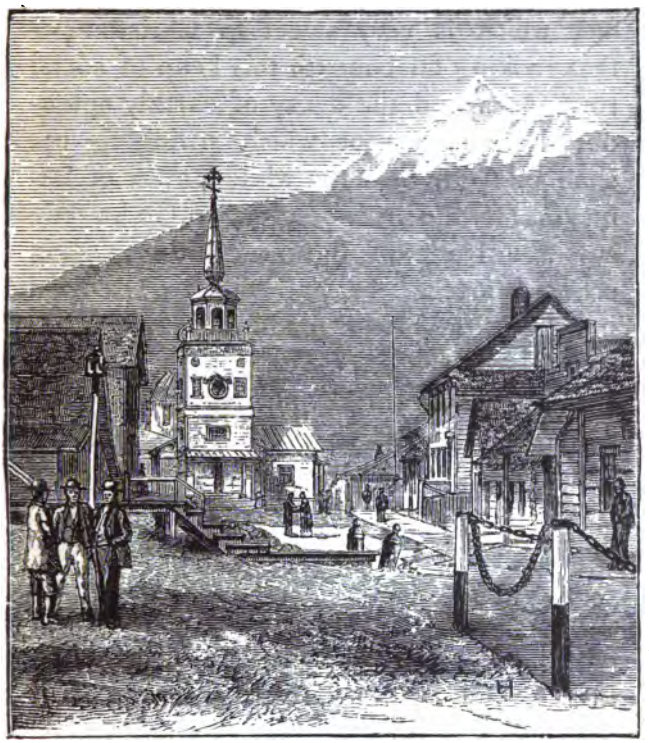
It is not cold here. At the foot of the mountains there is, indeed, enough ice on the little lake (whose waters, flowing down, keep turning the great wheel of the saw-mill in the town) to make skating—for some days, at least—during the short winter, and enough snow falls to make a hand-sled quite a pleasure on the long, smooth street. The small folks—ay, and the big ones too, I can testify—enjoy it greatly. The little Indians ride just like white boys, only—do you know?—I've never seen them going "grinders." They do slide in every other way, I believe, and on every conceivable

kind of sled; but boxes, bits of board and shingles are the most fashionable.

Alonzo Austin has quite a novel turn-out for this part of Alaska; it is a little seated sleigh drawn by a big black dog, which he has nicely trained to the whip. This dog will run for a mile or two without seeming to grow tired. Not only that, but he really seems to enjoy the fun as much as anybody. Every one has to be quick about enjoying it, for it doesn't stay long. The ground may change in an hour from its native gray to the snowy white made gay with noisy children, and in an hour more all the snow may have vanished and the rain be pouring down.

There is a great deal of rain here. You know that in the States a foot and a half is about an average annual rainfall, but the rainfall of Sitka for the year 1882 was about eight and a half feet; yet the humidity of the atmosphere is very much less than that of many portions of the United States where there is much less rain. If the people were good and cleanly and more careful about drainage, there is no reason why Sitka

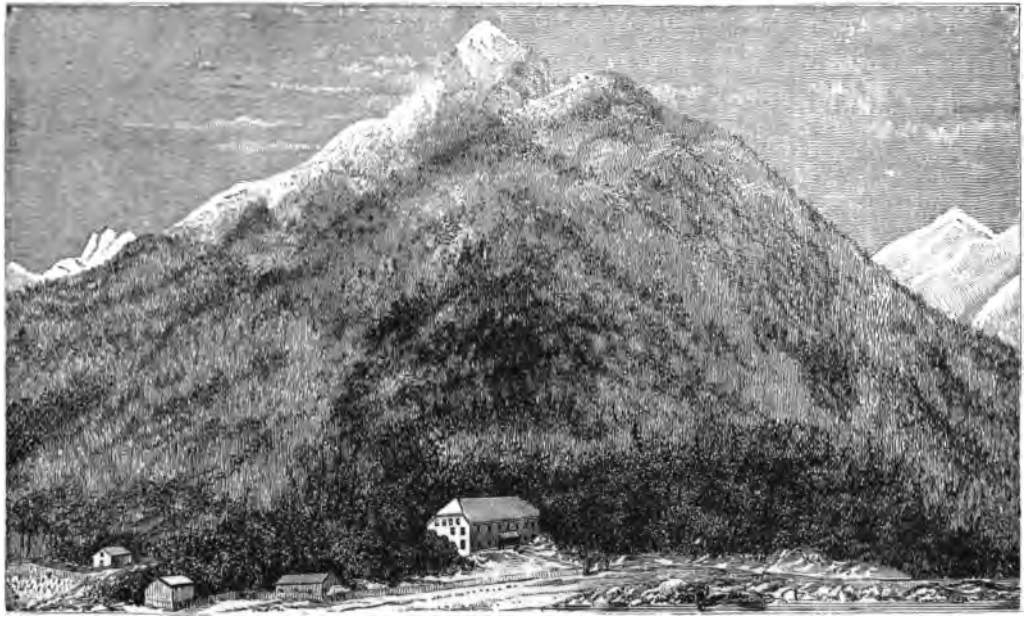
should not be a healthful place. The conditions of healthfulness are here.



MAIN STREET, SITKA, ALASKA.

The town itself is a little old, tumble-down affair more remarkable for its mossy

Russian ruins than for anything else. And yet there is one feature made more strikingly prominent by these very things—a fact which is very sweet to Christians—that striking far beneath this heap of social rottenness and the decay of earthly splendor there is a root which, springing up, shall one day bear the white flower of immortal life, the fruit of glory to God. We saw the blade in the first little mission school started here, and which developed into the first Home for boys. The building, which was a part of crumbling Russia, was destroyed by fire in January of 1882. And now we see not only a fresh green blade of promise, but the "ear," in the great new building for a hundred boys and girls which Dr. Sheldon Jackson erected last summer. You, and those whom your means have sent out, work together with the Lord of the harvest for the filling of the "full corn in the ear." Let us labor faithfully and with prayer, that at the last there may be a great and joyous gathering in and rendering up of the precious grain.



SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE BUILDING.

The new mission building is at the extreme edge of town, with old Popoff Mountain behind, almost overhanging it. At the other end of the long town, in a part from which, during Russian rule, the main town was barricaded, is the native village, with its front open to the bay, and with a higher ridge of ground close behind, and which is almost as thickly built with little houses for the dead. As a natural barrier, great rocks push out from this ridge toward the bay, just at the entrance to the village; and there, where rock and water fail to meet, is the builded barricade, with but a single opening into the smooth green common. The latter is now used for such out-door games as are played by the young people and for a parade-ground by the marines. It seems, however, to have been in the old days a park, whose picturesque music-stand still remains. But the trees, together with the pleasant cottage-residences occupied by the Russian officers, and which surrounded two sides of the park, were burned down long ago. A stone wall on the third side, set with cannon, kept the law between

land and sea. Along the fourth side—and this just opposite the barricade—still stand the custom-house and the barracks, between which, guarded by mounted brass cannon, is the double gate entrance to the "castle," built on a high rock overlooking both town and harbor and reached by means of wearisome flights of stairs. This immense old log structure, with the arched windows of its high-gabled centre roof looking out to sea, is the third building which has occupied this rock-top. Of the others, the first was destroyed by fire; the second, a brick building, by earthquake. But all three have been scenes of much magnificence as the residence of the ruling prince. The hewn logs of this building are fitted into each other like round-bottomed troughs, with moss and clay between, and are dovetailed at the corners, through each of which passes a great copper bolt from roof to foundation.

During Russian reign Sitka was full of life and gayety, having, besides its prince's family, his suite, government officials with their families, and the military. There were

also the officers of the Greek Church; for, as you know, many of its priests and bishops are members of the Russian army. The church at that time was rich, magnificent with its pictures, its gold-wrought and jeweled frames and hangings. Much of this wealth was stolen, it is said, by the soldiers after the territory was purchased by the United States government. There were, too, at that early time, several good schools and a seminary. There were, also, shipping-yards with "ways" for launching vessels of a thousand tons. After the transfer of title, and the consequent removal of nearly all the better class of Russians, civilization sank to almost native rudeness, without one saving hand. Schools ceased, industries failed and the principal aim of the United States military force stationed here seems to have been the rapid and total destruction of good. The worst part of a civilized world they did indeed bring, introducing its bad whisky, which, running riot ever since, is rapidly reducing a once-rugged race to extinction.

In front of the government buildings,

passing through the common, is the hard smooth avenue running directly through the town from the wharf back of the barracks to Sheldon Jackson Institute, and for a mile beyond through the evergreens, which, opening here and there, give lovely glimpses of the bay. There are no horses and carriages to travel this road now, though in Russian days, I am told, they were both numerous and fine. The nearest approach here at present to such an equipage is a "big wagon" drawn by a team of mules, which was brought up for work in the mines. There are, besides, of four-footed travelers, three or four cows, several goats, two sheep, and dogs innumerable. The stock of vehicles includes a hand-cart, a water-barrel on wheels, a baby-carriage or two and some wheelbarrows.

The two-story mission building of the Sheldon Jackson Institute, one hundred feet front and fifty feet deep, stands on an eminence which slopes gently to the beach just where the avenue, following the water-line, enters the green wood, and a branch road to the left winds up around

the house and through the brushwood farm at its rear. The house is frame, plainly and substantially built, containing, besides the teacher's apartments and those intended for the home of the children, a large room for the accommodation of the day-school, and which is also used for the Sabbath services. There are now in the Home twenty-four boys, whose ages range from eight to seventeen years. Most of them are quick to learn, and some show quite an aptness for trades. They are very much interested in the progress of the building, going out in squads last fall, under Mr. Styles's direction, to cut and tow in logs for lumber and for the foundation. Two or three have done well on the carpenter work. They patch their own shoes, do their own barbering quite creditably, and many carve in spare moments their favorite and odd figures of fish, the crow and duck. Miniature ships, too, they get up with much ingenuity, full-rigged, and little Indian canoes.

These boys are growing ambitious, too, it seems. I heard of a council that they

held alone one night just after the old Indians had been trying to prevail on Rudolph (who was about sixteen years of age) to become the husband of his uncle-chief's old widow, that he might inherit the property. The boy could not be persuaded, and that night there was a very free expression of opinion by all the boys. Archie seemed to speak for all, however, when he said, very seriously, "I would never marry dirty old Ingun for a thousand dollars. I never marry her. When I'm a man, I want to take good, clean girl for wife. I want her to know books and to housekeep like Boston girl. I not like it—my house —all dirty, my children not washed."

Several of the boys have selected their little wives-to-be, and are very anxious that Mrs. Austin should take them into the family and train them to "housekeep." I believe that she intends doing so.

Knowing this native habit of early selection, I one day inquired if Willie had a little girl in view. "Oh yes," was the answer; "when Willie learn plenty of book, he want little girl too."

Some of the boys in this Home have been rescued from the pangs of witch-craft torture, others from illnesses which without the missionary's care must have proved fatal. The most notable of the latter is the case of Lawrence, nicknamed by the boys "Sick Man."

You remember—do you not?—that in my first letter from Sitka, almost two years ago, among other requests was that for articles which would make the sick-room pleasant and comfortable, and I spoke of a little boy who the physician said could not get well. He was then a great sufferer, and it seemed probable that he would very soon be an inmate of that sick-room, for he was dying inch by inch from a terrible abscess. Well, that boy, cured under the missionary's care, was the very boy who saved both life and property on that fearful night of the burning of the Home. All had been sleeping soundly, when a boy, arousing, smelled smoke. He turned to his neighbor and asked what it could mean. Concluding that it must be morning and that breakfast was being pre-

pared, the boys dozed again. But once more they awoke, and this time hastened to see what the trouble really was. The building was in flames. By this time little Lawrence awoke, and, seeing the danger, ran hastily and alone to the great mission bell, and, ringing it fast and loud, awoke the missionary's family and the people of the town, who came rushing to their aid. This boy is now one of the strongest of his age in the school, and is one of the chief workers.

Allen, too, has a history. His mother (a woman of the Hoochinoo tribe, living about ninety miles north of Sitka) was under torture for witchcraft, having already been for some days without food in that terrible crouching, tied-down position with the head drawn back and lashed to a short stake in the ground. One night the boy at last completed his secret arrangements for her deliverance. Stealing softly out into the darkness, he cut loose all the thongs that bound his mother, and hurried her, with her little babe, down to the water's edge, when, stowing them into the

canoe which he had secured for the occasion, they pushed off and paddled for their lives, hunted to the death all those long nights. Against the tide, in hunger, pain and weariness, they reached Sitka safely, where the mother found at least a temporary shelter with the Indians, and her brave little son, I am so glad to say, found a home in Sheldon Jackson Institute.

Moses Jamestown is another boy to whom this Home has been as a city of refuge. Having been left an orphan and to an Alaska orphan's fate, he fled to Sitka from Hoonyah and from slavery. But the curse (which proved, at last, a blessing, as so many curses do) followed him, and he was accused of witchcraft. His torture had begun, but as the hour for his execution approached his rescuers came from the U. S. S. Jamestown, then stationed here, and whose commanding officer had just learned of the poor boy's peril. The child was taken on board ship until the Home was opened, when he was handed over to the guardianship of the missionary, Mr. Austin.

The present house, though a large one, is but a nucleus for the several hoped-for buildings to be grouped about it as the way and means open and increase. For it is designed to make this the principal trade-school of Alaska. Sitka, as you know, occupies the central position, geographically, among the Presbyterian missions of Alaska; and although a Home—and a good Home—at each of the stations seems a necessity to the best progress of the work, yet it would seem to be a wise economy to concentrate force so far as to provide the best facilities for the teaching of trades in the one and centrally located school, to which all may have access as the peculiar tastes and aptitudes of the children are discovered in each mission by its own teachers. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Sabbath-School of the Presbyterian Church of East Springfield, New York.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, May 8, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Can you imagine the joy of being able at last to write "at

home"? You can hardly appreciate it, and our every moment is too full to try to tell you what it is.

We reached Haines on Sabbath, April 8, after a voyage of about four days, having taken the steamer on the 4th inst. We had had about two weeks of perfect weather, the air balmy, the sun warmly bright and the sea a glassy calm. How we longed to be on the way! At length, on March 31 (Saturday), the Rose made her trial-trip, during which it was discovered that her new condensing-pipes were altogether insufficient, and so, for the third time, it was necessary to beach her. Monday morning found her again on the sands, when the old machinery was replaced, and on Tuesday we were rejoiced at receiving word that our freight would be taken on next day. Tuesday night came on with heavy rain, which continued with raw, chilling winds throughout the three days following. In spite of the best care which I could give them, both little ones took heavy colds during the packing. Everything got wet in going down to the boat,

and we ourselves tramped down through the rain with two sleepy babies and bundles innumerable that Wednesday night at ten o'clock. That was the hour of high tide, the only time that we could get down from the dock to the little boat. The only stateroom on the Rose opens out upon deck; very open as to weather, but very close as to air. It measures six by eight feet, with three bunks on each side, the only window a skylight of two panes. On the voyage down I had preferred the open deck at night, when the waves and rain both wet us, but this time, by dint of good management in stepping out to turn around, and by waiting without until some of the party were stowed away in their bunks, we all six succeeded in finding shelter. We had to furnish our own pillows and bedclothing, which after the trip to the boat were damp enough to begin with; but the rain came through both roof and sides. We could not leave the wharf till low tide, at 4.20 A.M., because that would bring us into the rapids at next high tide—the only time possible for us to get through them

out into the open channel. At last, 4.20 came. We left Sitka in the gray light Thursday morning, and reached the rapids at eleven o'clock, when we found that we had missed going through with the tide by just twenty minutes. We steamed away for an hour, but barely holding our own, making no headway at all. There was nothing for it but to throw out our anchor and await the next rise, at three P. M., which we did, and at a little after that hour were rushed into Peril Strait, where we found rough water and had all we could do to reach Lindenburg Harbor. Even then we were so tossed about that I lost my balance and fell into real sea-sickness. The rain still came down, and our beds were wet; but the night passed, though the storm continued until the afternoon, when the clouds lifted a little and the wind fell. Taking up anchor at four P. M., we ran boldly out to the channel, when, after a mile or so, it was found that a pin was loose in the engine, and we stopped to fix it. This proved to be only a trifling hindrance; but when we looked about again,

the fog had gathered so thick as positively to drive us back to our shelter in the little harbor, where we lay at anchor until three o'clock on Saturday morning.

In the afternoon the men took the small boats and went ashore for water, wood and clams. Mr. Willard took Miss Matthews and our little Indian girl to secure specimens of the lovely moss and shells which we could see from deck. The clam-beach was perfect, and the island woods and moss were—well, like the woods and moss of *Alaska*—deep, dense and grand, while the different kinds of starfish and sea-urchins looked like great flowers. The real flowers were full of fragrance that spoke sweet things of springs long agone in the dear old home-land. So another night settled down upon us by the way—the very night which we had dearly hoped would bring us home. But God had been guiding us and—hindering us; for—do you know?—had we been twenty minutes earlier and made the tide at the rapids, we should have been hurled into Peril Straits with a storm, and perhaps never have reached a harbor.

Then, afterward, had we not been detained near a place of safety until the fog-bank arose, we would have been surrounded by great danger.

The rain had ceased, the sea was quiet, and we but waited to have our way made plain before us. Here and there a star twinkled through in the zenith, but around and about us the gray-white wall was impenetrable until near morning. We took up anchor at three o'clock on Saturday morning. The sun arose a little uncertainly, but by noon had declared himself master of the day, and we were able to open the door of our little ark and venture out on deck. After all, we said, we had had more of solid comfort than we had on the great fine steamer Dakota from San Francisco two years ago; and we like the little Rose, with its free meals any time you may be able to eat, and its cozy kitchen-fire, where babies can be warmed and fed without insulting the cook.

Lindenburg Harbor is but a few miles from Chatham Straits; so we were soon in that broad channel, whose waters only a few

hours before must have been in a fury, but now were so placid and smooth as to give back reflections like a looking-glass. Cross Sound and Hoonyah Mountains, in the distance, were like grounds of enchantment. Billowy clouds and snowy peaks touched with the pink and gold of strengthening sunlight were easily transfigured into castles with battlements and towers, while the soft green of sky and water brought them out in charming relief.

As we sighted Hoonyah Point, Mr. Willard asked little Katch-keel-ah (Carrie Bird Wallace) if she would like to go in there. Her "No, sir!" was quick and pathetic. It was her old home, and she said, "My heart too sick to think about go to Injun again."

The day passed in beauty and in swift, quiet sailing. Just as the sun was setting, in such glory as is never seen elsewhere, it seems to me, we entered Lynn Channel. Passing Cross Sound on the left hand and Point Retreat on the right (which are respectively the open gateway of Hoonyah and the signpost of Juneau's mines), we

were within the close, grand passage which, almost without a break in its mountain-wall, leads to our front door, on Portage Bay. I cannot tell you what a feeling took possession of us as, leaving all the world behind, we entered this great hallway of our own dear Chilcat country. Oh the joy of getting back to it at last! All the suffering we ever endured in it was as nothing compared to that of being kept out of it so long, away from our people and our work. May God as richly bless to the people our return as we feel that he blesses us in bringing us back!

We sat on deck watching the ever-varying light and shade on passing scenes and singing songs both gay and sweet till the purpling of the shadows and the calling of the gulls warned me that little birdies should be in their nests. I tucked mine in then with grateful gladness at the thought that hitherto our Father had brought us, and that another waking might be the opening of our eyes on home.

But it was not—quite. As the cold gray morning began to steal through our

little skylight I became conscious of something peculiar in our situation. I could not tell whether it was sound or motion that startled me, until there was a bump and a recoil. A sudden ceasing of the engine's noise, a hasty raking out of its fire, and we were sinking—sinking down so gradually and so almost imperceptibly that I scarcely realized our position until I found Baby just rolling out of his berth. I called the others, and Mr. Willard went out to see what the trouble was. We were lying at about forty-five degrees, and walking was a feat. Little Carrie, fortunately, was on the low side with Miss Matthews. I, with baby Fred, was obliged to be boarded in and lie in the trough formed by bottom and side. Just around the lower point of Portage Bay the inlet is very wide; just above are the glaciers, the Chilcoot, the Dy-ya and the K-hossy Heen Inlets, which, carrying sand from the mountains, have at this time made large deposits, forming sand-fields of great extent, though all are covered at high tide. Still, close to the rocky western shore there is a channel through

ALASKA MOUNTAIN-SCENERY.

all tides wide and deep and strong; our pilot had missed it, and the tide, fast running out, left us lying on a hill four miles from home. Every object was familiar; we were at home, yet not in it.

We rolled around till afternoon, when high tide took us off, and we came safely into harbor just in time to see the people going from the little schoolhouse, where Louis Paul (who had been down for a week from the upper village) had been having Sunday-school. Of course, the Indians crowded about on every hand, saying that "they had thought they should die before we came again." "They had looked for us without sleeping." "They needed us so much! They had had sickness and trouble, and they had no minister." We found the men nearly all gone into the Stick country (the interior) packing for the miners; some were at the cannery-building across the Chilcat River. They had taken up the little bodies that were buried a year ago and burned them. They did not have nearly as much snow this winter. Still, they wanted us back.

By the following Sabbath we had cleaned out the schoolhouse, made some new benches, washed the windows, put up short curtains of muslin and Turkey red, hung the nice charts and pictures, torn out the old box-pulpit and set in its place the good Estey organ sent us by the Little Leaven Band of Monmouth, Illinois, and had everything in good order for Sabbath service and for school on Monday.

On Sabbath morning, long before time, the people were washed, dressed, waiting for the bell. We had a full and eager house; for on the Friday night before the men had returned. We saw on every hand the evidences of earnings well spent—new shawls and prints on wives and children, new cloth suits on some of the boys and men. Quite a number of upper-village people had come down. The "Murderer" was there with a nicely-fitting suit of black cloth, new hat and boots, and a faultlessly white shirt-front, with a standing collar, cravat and gold buttons. He looked quite a gentleman, and I am glad to say is behaving more like one. He had been bitterly

opposed to having a teacher at the upper village; he wasn't any afraid of the soldiers getting there to check his course. He boasted that he was but waiting to get us few whites together to kill us all at once, and that he would not have a teacher at Clok-won. When Louis and Tillie, the native teachers, went there, he gave them much annoyance, and at last took the hand-bell from the boy who was ringing it through the village for school, declaring that they should have no more school. Some time after, Louis went to have a talk with him, which resulted in the Murderer's confession of wrong and of his evil intentions toward the whites. He returned the bell, and turned himself so far as to become a regular attendant upon both day- and Sunday-schools.

Mr. Willard preached that day on the coming of the Lord, illustrating it by our own return. How had they kept the word we had given them? How should the Saviour find them keeping his word?

In the afternoon we had the children's meeting. They recited, to the great de-

light of the old people, their alphabet, texts, the twenty-third psalm, the ten commandments, etc., in both languages, and fifty questions from the Catechism, and sang many hymns in both English and Kling-get. Then we gave them the nice papers. Two hours had passed for the second time in service when the benediction was given; but they sat down again, and we sang another half hour. Still they said, "We have had no church for so long that we don't want you to send us away at all;" and, indeed, we were loth to do so. Five or six little ones have died during our absence; some have gone away; others have come to this village from the others; and quite a number of dear little babies have been born. Annie and Tillie, the little sisters whose mother told me that she would give them to the white men if I would not take them, have indeed been taken to Juneau. Annie was in seclusion before we left, and I trusted that she still might be.

This country is opening up very rapidly. Aside from the gold-interests, there are being built for this season's salmon two can-

neries on the Chilcat River—one on the other side, one on this, just across the trail. Another party is looking out for a sawmill site here.

Miss Matthews opened her school promptly, and is doing thorough work. Although this is a busy season and the people are on the move continually, she has had sixty or seventy different pupils, from the baby of a month to the old chief, though we didn't count the babies. The people are much interested in the new teacher, but it was hard to make them understand about her. I'm afraid they thought that my husband had been following their own provident plan in getting a second wife, and they kept asking me over and over where her minister was. Her sweet voice and ready accompaniments on the organ charm the people, and she is fast winning a place among them.

But, of all the party, I think our little Carrie is the one most loved. From the first moment of our landing she has been the object of smiles and pats and loving admiring remarks, and she herself has

scattered love and smiles most prodigally. It often brings tears to my eyes to watch her among them. At church, on Sabbath, it was both amusing and sweet to see her moving about before service began, patting one little one on the head, dropping on her knees beside another, smiling up into its face. I saw her wipe the nose of one, and, stooping down in front of another, hold its hands while it coughed, as she had seen me do with baby Fred when he had whooping-cough. Then, taking a little singing-book, opening it first and feigning to read the lesson herself, she held it open to one and another of the old people, reading aloud and explaining, with many gestures and many nods of the wise little head, a few Kling-get words. But she took her seat on the little platform in time for service, and remained quiet throughout the whole of it, except at singing. She always joins in that with all her heart, knowing every hymn after hearing it once or twice. She seems so little for it all! She loves the big water, and enjoyed the trip home very much. The friends at Sitka had teased her about

keeping her baby-brother with them. Of course, she had protested earnestly, for she can scarcely bear him out of her sight. Almost the first thing after we went aboard she looked about for Fred, and, not seeing him, so wrapped as he was in blankets, she began to call loudly for him. Then, turning to me, she asked "Baby ooh, mamma?" That means, "Is he on the boat?" for she names it after the sound of the whistle. "Baby! Dee, baby!" she called; and then, when I had shown her where he lay asleep, she called each family-name, to make sure of us all, and, turning to Fritz again, she said, with her funny little nod and smile, "Morning! Dee, baby! How do do?"

Baby too has come into an inheritance with this people. He is just seven months old. I would not put short dresses on him until the Indians had seen him in his sweet white baby-clothes, so different from anything they ever saw before. Some of the Chilcat wives are Sitka women, and because this "beautiful snow-baby" was born in Sitka they claim him for their own tribe-

brother; but the Chilcats hold on to him bravely, saying that he is a good Chilcat *quan* ("people"). Others say, "Good-good baby, half Chilcat, half Sitka Kling-get."

The Indians, little and big, crowd before every window. This position has one advantage over that of coming *into* the house; for when they come in, they do not always feel at liberty to follow us about from one room to another, but outside no such delicacy obtains. They see us leave one room for another, and, lo! they are at its window when we enter. When I place Baby where they can see him, they are perfectly delighted, and watch him as children at home would watch some rare, strange animal. Every movement of his chubby hands seems to surprise them; and when he coos and laughs, they fairly scream with joy, while Kotzie stands at the window gesticulating and talking Kling-get at a rapid rate. She never speaks a syllable of English to an Indian.

When we came home, we found an old witch sheltered by the Dickinsons and heard her story. A little boy had died;

the medicine-men declared that this old woman had bewitched him. She confessed that she had, and that a certain man in the lower Chilcat village had been her accomplice. They were both put to torture. Don-a-wok, our good chief, accompanied by Mr. Dickinson and little Indian Willis, went over to Y'hin-da-stachy and compelled the release of the man after he had been starved for some days. But the friends of the old woman kept the matter of her torture very secret—so much so that Mrs. Dickinson did not know of her situation until the eighth day of her trouble. Some little girls told her at school that the witch had been tied, in a nude condition, on a bundle of the "devil's walking-stick" (the most terrible nettle thorn I ever saw; the slightest touch of one of its thorns is like the sting of a hornet), and that she had had neither food nor water for eight days. Mrs. Dickinson then went down to the hut; but when her approach was noticed, the witch was freed and the briars covered over with a sail. She found the old creature crouching by the fire, almost dead, and

told them to give the old mother some food; whereupon they offered her boiled salmon, but her tongue was so much swollen and her throat so parched that she could only swallow a little of the water with which the fish had been cooked. Afterward Mrs. Dickinson had her come to their house, and heard her story fully from her own lips. She is a weird old crone. Had I been called upon to say which of all the people might be the witch, I should at once have pointed her out. When she came to church, she always sat looking half dazed and mumbling to herself. She was the first person, I believe, to whom I told the story of Jesus after we landed that July day two years ago.

"What made you tell that lie and say that you killed that boy?" Mrs. Dickinson asked her.

"It was no lie," the witch said; "I did make him die. And plenty more people I make die too."

Mrs. Dickinson, not believing that she meant what she said, questioned her still further, and in reply, as nearly as I could gather, this is what she said:

"I am old woman; I no good any more. I plenty sick, plenty tired. Minister come here; I go to church. I no hear his words in my heart; just like to me nonsense. I go outside and sit down in bushes. Spirits tell me, 'God no good; he not strong. Devil very strong; he make all people do bad; he make people die. It better you work for him.' I think about another world; I don't know if it happy or sorry—only just another world. I want to begin all over again; better everybody begin again. It's better I help the devil and everybody to new world. Spirits talk hard to me; I listen in bushes. Then I say, 'Yes, I work for devil.' I take dirty string off somebody's neck, and little bit of salmon somebody spill out of mouth; take little rag off little woman's dress; cut little hair off somebody's head. All easy, quiet, so nobody see; nobody know anything. I hide it quick. By and by nobody knows. I steal away to medicine-man's dead-house. Devil strong then; he take me. I put on just one old ragged skirt, and bit of blanket on shoulders; then I go inside. I hide

all bits of string, fish, rag, hair, in blanket. Now all these people going to die. Maybe in one year; maybe two, maybe five, years. By and by boy dies; I know I make him die. Then my heart looks very wicked. In the night I pray, 'O God, let nobody see so much wickedness in my heart.' I very much 'fraid. Next day everybody see all my wickedness; they know all how I 'witched people. Then I know little bit God strong, 'cause I tell him no let anybody see my heart; he show all people. I say, 'Yes, I make him die. You go with me to dead medicine-man. I take all pieces out; I show you.' We all go to dead-house. I say, 'Devil very strong. I go in; you no tie me. You never see me any more. Tie strong rope round me; hold fast.' I show the people all the pieces. Then everybody 'fraid: many people going to die; and they tie me strong on thistles. They give me nothing to eat, nothing to drink. By and by I 'most die. Just then like little hole for light. First I think God no strong; then I find God very strong. I think better work for devil, but I sit on devil's walking-stick.

I starve. I see just little; no good to work for devil. Now I see more; big light hole. Just like I old blind woman sit in dark long time. Now light come; I want to work it no more for devil."

The straight road to their spirit-world is over two high mountains and the intervening valley. When the shore of the great water is reached, the rocks are seen to be crowded with spirits waiting to be taken over to the beautiful island, which, though so far away, is plainly visible, with its inhabitants, whose attention these waiting souls vainly try to gain by shouting. But, wearied with watching, one no sooner begins to yawn than the faintest sound of it is heard and heeded in the island, and a canoe is immediately sent to carry the sleeping spirit to its final home. It is circulated throughout the country that during the past winter a man who died in Sitka came back long enough to tell the people that they must burn more food and clothing and turn out more water on the fire when their friends die, that they may have more comfort in the other world, and that

all who adhered to the traditions of their fathers were the favored ones in the next life; they sat close about the warm, bright fire, while those who follow the new Christ-religion were their slaves and sat back in the dark, cold corners.

I must tell you of Rebecca, the mother of Willis. Her first husband, who died when Willis was a baby, was a brother of Don-a-wok. She afterward married again and bore two daughters and a son, when their father died. About that time she was out in the woods where men were felling trees. She had taken a seat on a fallen log, when the tree on which the men were at work suddenly crashed upon her, doubling her under it. They took her out and carried her home, unable to help herself at all; they thought her back was broken. For several years she lay a helpless invalid, but one glad day she heard the story in her own dark hut of Jesus as the great Saviour and Healer, of his curing the sick of old, and she said, "He is the same, isn't he? He says, too, 'Ask of me, and I will give you.'" She began

at once to pray for her own recovery, and from that day she began to gain strength, until she walked—not only about her house, but to church here, a distance of four and a half miles. Last winter a mean, disgusting, worthless blind man took it into his head to marry her, and tormented her for months. At last she spoke to me about it, asking what she ought to do. She attended school and church, and could not bear to give them up; and, besides, she disliked the man very much. She said that he was rich, while her father was poor and had to support her and her children. That troubled her. And then the fellow said he would surely kill himself if she refused. I told her what a Christian marriage was, and charged her to be brave enough to do right—if she loved the man, to go; if she did not love him, to refuse him through everything. She wished me to exact from him the promise, should he ever come to talk with me about it, that he would put nothing in the way of her going to church and school if she should marry him.

Not a great while after this the wretch, accompanied by a crowd of his relations, went to her father's house and rehearsed the whole matter: "She was poor; he was rich. She was dependent, with her children, on her poor old father, who would soon die; he would make her independent." She withstood this. Then, "If she did not marry him, he would go to the woods and die." Here his mother and sisters broke into hideous crying, entreating her to save their dear one; still she would not consent. At last they said, "Well, he will kill himself. We will come on your old father for his life; he shall pay it." In desperation then, she said, "Go to the minister; if they tell me to marry you, I will." Immediately, with one of his friends, he came to us and said that Rebecca wished our consent to her marrying him. As she had requested, I asked him if he would ever object to her going to school if she should consent. He promised that he would not, and went back to the house with the word, supported by that of his friend, that we told her to marry him,

and that if she did not go with him at once he would go out and kill himself. She went, for her father's sake and that of her word. He took her away to his mother's house, where she has been a slave to him. He has never since allowed her to go to church or to school. He has beaten her repeatedly, and scratched her until her face is terribly disfigured.

The week after we came home she came up to the house to see us. She had been in but a few moments, when he came to the door and demanded her return. She went with him most obediently; but when they went into her father's house, he beat her most unmercifully. When her father would have interfered, he took an axe to kill him. At last, dropping that, he put a knife to his own throat, when, in more terror than at all the rest, Rebecca sprang toward him and caught it away.

Mr. Willard went down and gave him a thorough talking to. Among other things, he told him that if there was no other way of stopping it he would hand him over to the man-of-war captain who

blew up Hoochinoo. The fellow replied that nothing could please him better than to have the captain put his head into a big gun and blow it off; that he would do it himself if the woman didn't behave herself. Then his tribe would kill her and come on her father for the rest of his value. Such a thing would please him very much.

We find the season fully a month in advance of last year's spring. Though the mountains are still white, here in the lowlands flowers are springing on every hand and the air is soft and full of fragrance. Birds are busy about us, and we take their sweet songs into our hearts, until, coming to the tongue, they find expression, and we

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

With much love, I am truly your affectionate friend, CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, June 13, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS: The steamer now comes every month to the salmon-canneries across

the peninsula, and leaves the mail there; but its stay is too short to give us opportunity to send replies to our letters by its return. When we hear from some Indian that the steamer is in, Mr. Willard puts up the mail and rushes over in time to get it on board the departing vessel. Whatever of freight there may be for us is left at the cannery on our side of the river, and Mr. Willard has a trip of thirty miles with our little boat (the Adeline) to get it.

We have now at the canneries two towns in white tents. They employ several hundred white men. Most of our people are there, although Miss Matthews continues her school, and on Sabbath the services are well attended by the people coming over from the canneries.

We have been obliged to take two other children, a boy and a girl, into our family. "Ned," the boy, is thirteen. His mother died when he was a baby. He is to be chief of the Ravens, to succeed Cla-not and Don-a-wok, and is a real rollicking, mischievous boy. His father, who idolizes his only child, has begged us, ever since

we first came to Chilcat, to take Ned and make him a good man. You never saw a man so delighted when we did take the boy after our return from Sitka. He says "a long time his heart was only sick, but now all time glad because of Ned."

The girl, Ann, is sixteen. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father, old, childish and almost blind, took for his second wife the daughter by a former husband of his first wife; so Ann's stepmother is her half sister. She came to me a year ago last winter, and with tears asked me to take her, saying that she wanted so much to be good, but could not be in the Indian house; that when she would try to pray before going to sleep, her sister-stepmother would poke her up, saying that she knew Ann was only asking God to kill her. It was impossible for us to take her at that time, and so I counseled her to be patient, that perhaps God meant her to lead her people to him, and that after a while he would open the way to a different life for her. She was afterward tempted to lead an evil life, being told, when the miners

came, that she was a great fool for going to school and studying, when she might make money so easily. Her reply was that she had learned too much of God's word willingly to do wrong now. This spring, when the people went to the canneries, she did not want to go, but she did not then ask us to take her. After a few days she came back, saying that she had seen so much evil that she was afraid; she wanted to be good: wouldn't we let her stay with us? Of course we could not refuse her request, knowing how great her danger would be if left exposed to temptations, and that we might save her. She and Fanny have one end of our spare-room. . . .

This seems particularly our work. The people love and confide in us, and it is a critical time in their history and that of this country. The people scarcely know where they are themselves, but, trusting us, they come and say, "You are our father and mother. You must tell us what to do with the white man. You must lead us like your little children." . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, June 30, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS: We have been having a soft rain for two or three days. It falls so lightly, so gently, and makes all things so beautiful, that we have listened to its patter with grateful joy.

Our big, rollicking, handsome Indian boy Ned took the canoe yesterday and went out into the bay for fish, and soon came in with a great stringful of the delicate flounder. We ate them for breakfast this morning, never dreaming of what they cost.

A little before dinner, as Ned lay on the floor beside the cradle, which he touched now and then for baby Fred's comfort, there was a thumping on the kitchen door, which we had barred, and, looking up, I saw our second chief, Cla-not, pounding on it; and I told Ned to go and open the door. He did so, and in another instant I heard a rush, a scream, a thud, and I was out myself in time to see Ned being hurled about. When he had seen the powerful man's face, he jumped for the sitting-room door, to get

into a place of safety; but Cla-not was too swift and too strong for him.

I quickly tried to demand the chief's attention, but, seeing that he paid no more heed than to the wind, I laid my strength to Ned's in trying to drag him away and make Cla-not wait for a talk with Mr. Willard. He marched the boy out of the door, however, threw him down, and I think would have killed him had not Mr. Willard at last heard the commotion and come to us with his calm strength. Walking close up to the angry man, a word was passed, and the boy was released; and he quietly stole into the house behind Mr. Willard as he stood talking with Cla-not. It seems that Cla-not was punishing Ned for bringing on the rain, for he had heard from the boy who had accompanied Ned yesterday that the latter had killed a fish which it was a trouble to keep in the canoe by hitting it on the head with a stone, and thus gave cause for the continuance of the rain which is blessing the earth and bringing the berries to beautiful maturity.

Cla-not is an exceedingly mischievous

man; I do trust that Ned and Paul, who are to succeed him, will have gained by that time much of the knowledge and love of Christ.

We have now three children in our little Home at our own expense. Many of the good big boys, who ought to be in school, and who could help us in return at garden-work to supply the Home with vegetables for winter use, and still be learning something useful, have gone elsewhere—some to the cannery lately built across the bay.

July 16.—Our mail did not come on the steamer, though Mr. Willard waited till eleven o'clock at night for its arrival this side the river, and then had his long tramp through forest, brush and swamp. As he came to the brush he heard a great bear but a few yards from him. There are plenty of bears, and they can be seen almost any evening on the bare mountain-side.

Dr. Corlies is at Juneau this summer and will look after our mail. Dr. Jackson's contract takes effect this month. The

steamer has the mail-contract to the other points, and leaves our mail at Juneau. Dr. Corlies takes it from the office there and sends it by Indian canoe within a given time after the steamer's departure.

Those of our people who have not already left Haines for the canneries, with but few exceptions, are to leave this week for a wholesale trading-raid on the Gun-un-uh, or interior, Indians, to be gone some three weeks. I think they must be realizing that their time with them is short, for they are fitting out with trading-packs the little children of ten and eleven years, while all the women have packs besides their babies. This being the case, we expect as soon as possible to set off for Clok-won, the upper village, where Louis Paul and Tillie were. We have been very anxious for their success and welfare ever since they came to this country. We gave them what slates we had, thinking that, as they were only beginning, they could use them to even better advantage than books, though we divided with them the books sent us. We also divided the Sunday-school papers and

provided them with blackboard, chalk and the hand-bell that Eva sent. We have shared our own clothes with them, and given everything for their house we could think of. They have gone back to Wrangell by steamer. The experiment has been well tried; good has been done. The people have learned to want education, and now will be more ready to receive it. The house put up for Louis is an excellent log house, and by taking down the partition we can make a very good meeting-house, with a lodging-room above, which we can use when we go to hold meetings and school.

August 7.—We were aroused from sleep this morning by the only Indian woman in the village tapping on the window and calling Ned. She had been sent by a party of three miners who were so nearly in a nude condition that they wished Mr. Willard to come down to them on the beach, and if possible to give them some covering and some food. They had not had a mouthful of anything since yesterday morning, and for four days have lived on only such poor

little berries as they could get, and the small black mussels which, at this season of the year, the Indians regard as poisonous. They were soon covered and brought into the house—"home," as one of them said, where they were experiencing something of the delights which the poor famished soldiers found when they came home from the war.

"Oh," said one poor mother's boy as he grasped my hand at the door, "I never was so glad to see white people in my life before. When we turned the point and saw the house, I told the boys it was just like getting home."

They had stopped here for over a week as they went to the interior, some time in May.

When they were telling us of the terrible hardships they had undergone, I said,

"What men will go through for money! Some of our friends felt that it was a good deal for us to come for the Indians, but see how much more you endure for gold."

They had left behind four of their number, who were unable to get farther than

the head-waters of the Dy-ya Inlet—one an old man of sixty or seventy years—and Mr. Willard is busy getting Indians off to bring them down. The men that returned are young and vigorous, and still had hard work to reach here. They had waded streams where the current took them off their feet and swept them far down the rapids. At last they found a little canoe, which had been hidden by other miners when they went in last spring, and paddled against heavy head-winds till one o'clock that night, when, exhausted and famishing, they made the shore, drew their canoe above what they thought high-water mark, lay down on the sands and went to sleep. When they awoke, it was to find that they had been visited by so high a tide that their boat was gone, and, from the strong wind, there was no doubt that it had been blown back to the head of the inlet. It was impossible to reach us by foot, so they were obliged to retrace their weary steps. They then found the truant boat back at their starting-place, and now, after four days' weary pulling, wading and

swimming, they are safely here with friends. The channel is very quiet this morning, and Mr. Willard hopes to get the other starving men down before long. They had found gold paying from fifteen to twenty dollars a day, but it cost them twenty dollars a day to live.

A month ago the party divided, these seven men coming back, the other four going on with the boat to examine a quartz-ledge on Pelly River. They will probably make their way to Fort Yukon, and from there proceed by steamer to San Francisco. These men say that should they attempt to return this way they will be overtaken by the snows, will have no food, and there will be no chance of their reaching us alive.

Mr. Willard sent Ned flying to the Kinney cannery with a note to the foreman for men to go up the inlet; he has just received reply that the people are on a strike and he can get no one, but will send to the other side, where they can probably be had.

The people are almost crazy to make

money. Both canneries have stores, and prices have been brought down to fairness. At the same time, the prices of fish have run up till the Indians can make fifteen dollars a day fishing. What they are striking for now I do not know.

We were much surprised, a week ago last Sabbath, to find, when the steamer had arrived at the canneries, that Miss Rankin, assistant matron at Fort Wrangell, was aboard, come to make us a visit. She will be here until next steamer, which may arrive by another Sabbath. She and Miss Gould, of Hydah, came out last September with Miss Matthews and Dr. Jackson. Their visit is very refreshing. . . .

August 8.—Not being able to get the Indians yesterday, Mr. Willard took the Adeline, with the three tired and sore miners, up the Dy-ya for the others. Just before they started, two Indians made their appearance and consented to go with them. As they were strong and understood pulling an oar, I felt much easier. They may not be back for ten days, in case of headwinds; but if all is fair, they may get back

two days hence. Mr. Willard took provisions with him.

I am alone this morning with the babies. Miss Matthews and Miss Rankin are spending a day in the grand old pine woods. The boys are across the bay getting logs for steps down to the beach and a little log boat-house, and the girls I sent on an errand around the beach. They are all learning well. The girls especially are becoming very helpful in the house. We have them take week about at sweeping and chamber-work, with cooking and the care of the kitchen. They do these things well for such young girls.

August 10.—Mr. Willard got back with his crew in the night. They found the men living and in pretty good spirits, considering the fact that they had nothing to eat for a week save a half salmon that they found that had been thrown away by some Indians, and was half dried, half decayed and made them very sick, and two fish which afterward they shot and managed in some way to get out of the water. They did not dare to eat more than half a fish at

a time, lest they could get no more. They seemed very grateful for the help Mr. Willard brought them. They told how, when so weary, they encouraged one another with "Never mind, boys; if we can hold out till we get to the missionary's, we'll be all right. It's just like home there." And they did hold out till the next day without a morsel to eat.

August 27.—I must give you a little idea of how we live. One week Ann takes the kitchen, cooking, washing dishes, baking, etc.; Fanny, the sweeping, chamber-work, etc. At the end of the week they change. In the morning—say Monday, for instance—while Fanny makes herself neat for the getting of breakfast, Ann, under my direction, gives the living-rooms a thorough cleaning and brightening up. Miss Matthews has joined Fanny in the kitchen, and together they have breakfast on the table in the bright little dining-room. By the time I have washed and dressed the babies the Indian children's plain, substantial breakfast is set in the kitchen, and they eat at the same time we do, always giving

thanks and asking the blessing with bowed heads. After the meal Ann takes up the crumbs and goes to her chamber-work, while Fanny washes the dishes and tidies the kitchen and Ned saws wood. All being through their tasks together, they have their study-hours, and after recitations with Miss Matthews in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, with Bible lesson, singing and prayer, I get dinner with Fanny. She and Ann together do up the dishes, then proceed to wash the soiled clothing of the week. Then I get supper for all by the time they have the clothes in the last rinse-water. After supper the girls scour table and floor, making the kitchen shine. Then we have family prayers and go to bed. The routine is varied as circumstances indicate. On another day comes the ironing, which the girls do together. I have Ned and Ann's little brother, Adam, who is with us a good deal, wear starched white and calico shirts on purpose to teach the girls laundrying; they have learned to do them up nicely. Another day they have baking, and they can bake excellent bread. Then

they have sewing. I teach them to cut and fit their own clothing, and they have learned to sew on the machine better than most girls of their ages at home. Last week I had them learning pants-making—"real American pants"—and knitting. They each have knit them good woolen stockings. They go berrying and fishing and make a happy crew. There are many items of interest in connection with them that I wish I could give you. I have rushed along into this subject because I was so troubled at your distress for us that I wished to set your minds at rest. We are doing, and will do, just what the Father puts in our hands, and try to trust results of what we do, with all that we cannot do, to Him who has said, "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God who giveth the increase;" and we believe that even now we are seeing evidences of this blessing of his Holy Spirit with our children here and with some of our people.

We have been trying to beautify our glacier mission home this summer. After

making Miss Matthews' room the best one in the house, Mr. Willard and I went next to the study. We had concluded that our bedroom down stairs was not a healthful place, especially for the little ones, and it would also make a much more convenient study and office for Mr. Willard than the room he has had up stairs; so we made the change. Fanny sewed up the house-lining (for it is not plastered), of unbleached cheese-cloth, as Ann had done for Miss Matthews' room, and we put it on the walls, with a narrow strip of Turkey red for a border; you wouldn't believe what a pretty effect it made. All the carpet I could put together was not enough, but in Miss Matthews' Christmas box from home was a piece of red-and-black linsey-woolsey, which she gave me as a border. I had also some thin red flannel, which I cut into two straight curtains and hung on a carved Indian totem-stick for the window toward the bay. Then we have a long shelf with red lambrequin for bric-à-brac, and underneath a long bright-cushioned box for settee and to hold bedclothing. The study is more unique.

The floor is covered with fur robes; chair, ditto; rough board walls, in part ditto; with a cross-legged table covered with green oil-cloth, of Mr. Willard's manufacture, as are also the chairs, bookcase and medicine-case. One end of the room is taken up with book- and medicine-cases; the latter is a cracker-box set upright on legs, stained a dark brown, with the lock and hinges of bright brass, and on its long door I painted a little scene of water tumbling down over gray stones among flowers, ferns and moss. Across the corner stands my easel. On the wall hangs an ornamented squirrel-robe; crossed above it are two great Indian bows, and from them, hanging over the robe, a quiver of arrows. Then there is a camp-chair, and a little black bearskin, lined with old red flannel, on the floor. In front of the table lies a large marmot robe, on which stands the study-chair (home-made), covered with another squirrel-robe. At one side of the window next the bay is the gunshop. A box holding the ammunition is covered with a skin, and on its top is a huge stone washbowl, given us by Shat-e-

ritch as a valuable relic. In it, on a little minkskin, stand the guns—rifle and shot-gun—leaning, at the top, into the arms of polished deer-horns that Mr. Willard mounted on yellow cedar. From branches of the horns hang the Colt's revolver and its Apache belt given him by a miner, and Mr. Willard's own little revolver, brought from home. Scattered about on the walls are sketches of Alaska scenery in oil, and the painting of "The Virgin of Light" with the plaster foot.* A very good bust of Shakespeare, given us by a friend, looks down from among the books.

For out-of-door exercise, I have taken Kotzie and the Indian children and worked on both the Home lots and our own. We have made a nice wide gravel-walk from the porch down to the beach, with two flights of terrace-steps. It remains to be finished to the schoolhouse. We have beautiful house-plants—calla-lily, roses, geraniums, heliotrope, fuchsias, etc.—which have bloomed profusely.

* A free-hand crayon sketch which gained Mrs. Willard's admission as a pupil in the Academy of Design in New York.

We have eaten of the Indian apples this summer—the queerest little things, about the size of red haws and looking like them; but the seed is more like the quince, and they taste very much like tiny green apples. I do think that grafts would grow and bud on them.

September 3.—Among the superstitions innumerable of the Kling-get people is that regarding the owl. In a conversation with some of the children and young people one day, I said,

"But then you know that owls cannot talk."

"Oh," was the ready reply, "they can't talk 'Merican; that's why the snow-people think they say nothing. Just Kling-get they speak, and all the Kling-gets know what they say. Alle same in snow-people's country no witches; snow-people say no witches in Chilcat, but Chilcat Kling-get see plenty witches."

"Then what is an owl?" I inquired.

"Bad spirit; alle same witches."

"What do they do?"

"Oh, plenty bad; no good 'tall. All In-

juns much 'fraid owl. Everybody—everybody he talk bad to; no good words in him. He big thief, too. Alle same he put this book under his blanket and shut his eyes. Some nights plenty big Injun in house. Old owl come close by in dark pine tree; he talk bad. All Injuns run out house to drive him away, 'cause he tell somebody goin' dead. Owl knows everything, but he big coward. He plenty 'fraid big Injun. Just little young ones he strong take. Little woman, little boy, go out by's self; big owl turn him's heart up side down."

Two Sabbaths ago we had a sermon on witchcraft. After service many of the younger people were gathered in the kitchen watching my preparations for dinner. On Saturday, Ned had neglected to split and house his wood until it had gotten quite damp in the rain; so that I had quite a tedious time getting the pot to boil, and I had occasion to look into it again and again.

"What is the matter with it?" I said; and as I raised the lid again, all looking at me

as I did so, I assumed an expression first of surprise, then, as I peered into the depths of the unmanageable fluid, my eyes became fixed and staring, opening wider and wider. With mouth also agape, I uttered the one startling word "Witches!" The Indians were watching with terrified interest; and as their bodies, almost unconsciously, arose and followed their gaze, they looked with me into the pot that would not boil. Then, relaxing, I dropped the lid and told them that the witch I had seen was Ned's neglect to get the wood in dry. He had left it in the rain until it was wet; that made the wood so that I could not get a good fire. It was smoke, smoke; no blaze in the fire; no boil in the pot. Then I told them that time had been when the white people knew so little that they—my own forefathers—believed that witches kept the pot from boiling. When they had learned better to understand God's word, when they had studied into God's ways—into the whys of things—they knew that witchcraft was nothing but foolishness. They had been a great many years in find-

ing out the reasons for things that showed them the foolishness of witches, and the truth and goodness of God in everything. The good people did not wish the Indians to walk in darkness so long; that was the reason of our coming to teach them what we had had to find out. They might learn fast if they would but believe the good words.

Philip, the young silversmith, has long been a source of wonder and joy to us. Such earnest attention he has seemed to pay to every effort of ours to instruct him! He has a sad history, and once, on a trip from the interior, almost lost his life. His intelligence and indomitable pluck barely saved him alive, with God's blessing, but he lost all his toes and all the flesh from his hands; they are but bits of drawn-up bones. Yet he does beautiful work in silver, and not only that, but works at anything he can get when he does not have orders for carving. We have had him employed a good part of the summer in putting up the boat-house and in making shakes for a wood-and-vegetable house. He said that he would rather work for the minister than

make more money at the canneries, because the white men there seemed to care only about making money; he wanted to make money, but he wanted to take care of his soul too, and he knew that the minister cared for it. It was he who surprised me one evening during our first winter here by remarking to me that I was not lonesome because my books talked to me like friends. We have felt that he was very near the kingdom of God—that he was following the truth so far as he knew it. Imagine, then, our distress, our grief and surprise, when, a week or two ago, we heard he had taken another wife. We heard that at almost the same time that there came to us the news of his great rejoicing over the birth of his first baby-girl. He came himself to tell us how glad he was when the little daughter was born. He wanted it to be "all 'Merican baby," he said, and not even to have an Indian name. He wanted us to have it and to teach it everything good. He wished me to give it an American name, and he wanted baby Fred's nursing-bottle for it.

But through all Philip's expressions of happiness my heart was aching with keenness of sorrow for his wrong-doing; and so, after we had all sympathized with him and his heart was largely unburdened, I drew him away to the sitting-room, where, seating myself near him, I said,

"Philip, my heart is very, very sick."

He looked into my face with such clear and questioning eyes so full of pained wonder that I almost hoped to find the report of his offence all a mistake; but I went on:

"You know how, a long, long time ago, you told us the story of your life; of your long, hard journey to the north country; of your struggles with terrible storms, in going down the awful snow-slides; of the big waves that dashed your canoe to splinters and hurled you against the great walls of rock; then of how you seemed to die in the blackness of the waters, and at last how, God having brought you back to life, you found yourself in the world again, though the body was partly dead; then how you came slowly and painfully back to the village where you had left the wife and baby

for whose sakes you had risked and suffered so much. You expected kind attention, but when you staggered to the house you found that another had taken your place. I remember, too, how you longed to die—how you wished that you had died in that fearful mountain-gulch, and how the months dragged on till, the unfaithful wife, with her child, having gone to lead a wholly bad life in Sitka, the world rose up new for you again, and you took the good, faithful and loving Leah for your wife. Do you remember how good and pure and true you said she was, and how you loved her? It made us so glad to know that, old things having passed away, you two were true to each other and trying together to serve the good God who had so strangely spared you to hear his word. Our hearts were always glad in thinking of you, because we thought you were trying to walk in the right way; and now we have heard that you have taken another wife—that you have Leah and her sister too. Is it true?"

He had not lifted his eyes from my face while I was speaking; their expression was

pathetic as he followed me, and the tears many times had started into my own. When I asked the question, his countenance did not change; only a little fresh wonder came into it, and he said,

"Why, have you only just heard of it? I took Mollie a moon and a half ago."

I could only say,

"Oh, Philip, how could you, when you knew that God forbids such things?"

With new surprise quickening his sensitive face, he asked,

"What is that, Nauk-y-stih?"

"Don't you know that God's word says only one wife for one man and one husband for one woman?"

There was eager pain in the wonder now as he glanced across to the Bible which lay on the little table. Following the suggestion, I brought and opened it, and read to him the holy law of marriage. Leaning forward in his eagerness, it seemed as though he must almost bring the words from the book before I could utter them.

When I had finished, several moments passed before a syllable was spoken; but

I could see that his heart was beating fast and his eyes were dim as they bent on the book. At length, raising his head and looking at me earnestly, he cleared his throat and said,

"Oh, mother, why did I never hear God's words before? Now, for the first time, I hear his law. If I know his way before, I never have any wife but Leah; my heart is too sick. Wait; I can't see which way my face is turned;" and he hurriedly left the room.

When he re-entered it, perhaps half an hour later, my husband had joined me; I had told him how matters stood, and we were still talking it over seated side by side. Philip walked in, his face showing the manly determination which could hardly find expression in his rather limping gait, and took his stand opposite us. After wiping the damp from his forehead he said, in a studied but earnest way,

"Mr. Willard and Nauk-y-stih, you are my father and mother; you always do me good. Now I do very wrong; I take two wives. I never hear God's word about it

before. I thank you, my mother, for reading it to me and showing me light to-day. My heart is very sick. I want always to take God's way. I love no woman besides Leah; if I know God's word before, I shut my arms tight around her and let no one else come in. But I tell you how it was. I want to take no more wife, but Leah's sister was ready to be married. The boy who was to take her wouldn't do it. He would say to her friends, 'Wait, wait! Wait till after Sunday. Wait till another moon;' and they knew that he didn't mean to take her at all. Many Indians have two wives to help them make money; so the friends all say to me, 'You take her; you take her;' and by and by I do take her. I have her now one moon and a half, and don't know it's bad. Now I know the good way, I must do it. I take only Leah for my wife, but I must not take this poor girl by the shoulder and say, 'Get you gone! Quick!' I brought her in; I must not give her shame. I will tell her, 'Sit down a while in my house—easy. By and by go out without much tongues and shame.'"

We could not but commend his compassion and bid him carry out his plan, with earnest prayer to God for them all; it was supplication with thanksgiving that one was so quick to follow the truth.

But why had he never heard the truth before? Over and over again it has been preached on Sunday in church. That is the only time that we use an interpreter. The second chief here has three wives, and not only has it been boldly preached to him, and those like him, from the pulpit, but we have talked repeatedly to them ourselves in the house. I suppose, not considering Philip in particular need of such lessons, we had never spoken personally to him about polygamy.

The raven is the heathen Chilcat's supreme being. He is the creator and preserver of all things, for not only did he make the world, but upon his wings it is borne. The end of the world will come when he flies from under it. And not only is this black bird the power almighty, but he is the power almighty for evil. What other fact can so emphatically reveal a peo-

ple's degradation as does this—that their highest ideal, their god, is an evil spirit whom they must needs appease, and whose sufferance of them they must propitiate by all the sacrifices that witches and medicine-men can invent for them?

A conversation between our Indian girl Bessie Ann Fraze (who must have been about fourteen years old when it took place) and an older Indian was reported to me the other day by a third person, who had been much interested in their discussion in regard to the claims of the new religion. John had asserted his full belief in the doctrines of his fathers, when Ann silenced him by saying,

"I used to believe that the raven made the world and everything; but when the minister came and told us about the good God and showed us his true book, and I learned to read his words my ownself, I no more believe in the raven. I believe in God, because he tells us about it. Now, if you want me to believe in the raven, show me the raven's book. How did he make the world, and what did he make it for?"

September 10.—While we were at breakfast a native came and asked me if he might bake some bread in our stove. I told him yes, if he would bring it right away, before my fire went down. (He would not be willing to furnish wood, nor even cut it.) He returned to the village, and directly another man came carrying a sack of flour, his young wife bearing the big washbowl in which to mix the bread, and a package of sugar. They were going to have a feast, the people of the three lower villages being invited, and they wanted to bake up this sack of flour into flat sugar-cakes.

The man did the mixing, his wife looking on. He took out a bowl of flour, put just as little water in it as would make dough so stiff that he pounded and hammered it with his double fist in very pugilistic fashion. Sprinkling a little sugar on the lump occasionally, with a spoonful of water, the pounding would be resumed, until at last we were obliged to insist on its being put into the oven. Very reluctant he seemed to flatten it out, but at last the cakes were panned, put in to bake and

the man's wife sent home with the flour. He stayed to mind the baking, which took about one hour with fire in the stove and another hour without any.

The next arrival was a man who wanted to buy a sack of beans and one of rice for the same feast; three friends were giving it jointly. We had none to sell him; so he was obliged to go to the canneries.

Then came a woman to borrow a wash-tub to hold the beans and rice when they were cooked, for this was the day of preparation for the feast. The cooking-utensils were small—except, indeed, the great baskets in which they cook, by means of redhot stones dropped into the mess they wish to boil, and in this case a large quantity was to be cooked in small portions. Then the tub was wanted for the great central dish, from which the totem-dishes of the guests could be filled; for they often carry their own dish and spoon, each carved elaborately with their family totem, or coat-of-arms. For instance, suppose a man is of the Owl family, of the "Cog-won-tons" tribe; he will probably have a dish orna-

mented with owl-carvings* and a horn spoon whose handle represents the cinnamon bear, or a commingling of the two in one, or both articles, perhaps, the first order reversed. They have many styles of dishes in wood, horn and stone, and the conceits in carving, the arrangement of the ever-varying and ever-recurring totem, are curious and grotesque, though often really graceful in design. At their feasts these great dishes and spoons, often valuable and handed down through generations, as our great-grandmother's china at home, are gathered about by a group of the same family and filled by the master of the feast from the central dish—something similar to the custom among more civilized people when refreshments are served to groups of guests at small tables from the main dining-table, only the Chilcats are much more social, as each partakes from this common totem-dish with his own spoon. These spoons, however, are large enough to answer for individual-dishes. They usually hold from half a pint to a pint. Some

* See illustrations, pages 256, 37 and 45.

will hold as much as a quart, and look a little like the old gourd-ladles.

Finally, one of the hosts came to buy calico to tear up and give away at the "Coek-y," or the great gift-giving prelude to the feast, which would take place that night; for it is a feast for the dead. Of course we would not give him calico for such a purpose, as these feasts are the ruin of the people. For several weeks they have done nothing but move from one feast to another, and probably have spent in this way all the money they have earned through the summer.

September 10.—We had some thirty-five or forty at church yesterday. The people left the canneries and still are feasting. Next month the medicine-man Kaht-lutl is to give a great feast on the completion of a house he has for three years been building in memory of his dead in Y'hin-da-stachy.

Canoes are coming daily from below Juneau, Sitka, Hoonyah and Fort Wrangell to get salmon at the upper village. These people say they have been standing all

summer waiting for the fish to come, but in all they had gotten but forty dried. Winter is coming on, and they have made no provision for it; usually they have by this season great store-houses full of dried salmon and salmon-oil—not only enough for themselves, but for trade with the lower tribes—and they will, I fear, have nothing left of their summer earnings with which to buy flour or any other food. I fear there will be trouble; and if it were not for the dear babies, whose frequent illnesses require every care and comfort that we can give them here, I would be anxious to go to the upper village for the winter, and, indeed, may find it necessary to go.

I heard yesterday the story of the owl's origin as believed by all the Kling-get tribes. It was at Sitka an old blind woman lived with her son and his wife. It was a time of great scarcity of food. The son went every day to hunt and fish, but could get nothing; he and the old mother barely kept soul and body together with the few roots and berries that could be found. But the young wife thrived well—

upon what, no one knew. In the night, when the old woman would wake up from sleep, she would say to her daughter-in-law,

"What have you got there to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Oh yes! I smell fish, and I hear the oil dropping on the fire."

"No, you don't; there's nothing to eat."

Again the hungry old woman would say,

"What are you eating? You have fish; I hear you eating it."

"No," came the answer; "I'm just chewing gum."

The truth was—the story says—that, having the power of a witch, the young woman went every midnight to the rocks overhanging the sea, and there, with tree-branches, which she swayed back and forth, crossing and recrossing them before her, she charmed the young herring from their haunts. They flung themselves from the waves to the rocks at her feet. Gathering them into her basket, she would take them home, string them (as is their custom still) on a stick, which was then fastened into the

earth upon which the house-fire was built, at an inclining angle over the fire; and after roasting them, she would have a good meal and sleep again.

Matters went on in this way, until one night the old mother's questioning angered her daughter-in-law so much that, snatching a fish from the stick, she tore out the burning entrails, and, crying out, "Hold out your hand, then; you shall have some," forcibly closed the old fingers upon the hot mass until the palm was deeply burned.

When the husband came home in the morning, he asked what made his mother sit crying so. His wife said she didn't know. Determined to hear from his mother herself, he said to his wife,

"I am going hunting again. Go you to the woods and get me bark-lining for my arrow" (to tie the heads to it).

And while she was gone the old woman told him all her troubles, and he at once decided what to do. When his wife returned with the bark strings, he took his bow and put off in his canoe, as though he were going a distance; but as soon as he

had turned the point of land which hid him from the view of the village he drew the boat ashore, where he hid it in the bushes and secreted himself until after nightfall. When the moon began to rise, he stole toward the village, and, taking a station which would command a view of the beach, there awaited developments.

At midnight he saw in the now brilliant moonlight the figure of his wife approaching the scene of her nightly incantation. He watched her closely through it all, and followed softly to the house, where he saw her cook and eat the fish and deny his mother's cry for food, then returned to his canoe. On the next day he caught a hair seal, and, taking it home, made his wife eat so much of its fat that she fell into a deep sleep—so deep, indeed, that the midnight hour had passed when she was aroused by her husband's command to go down to the canoe and carry up the fish he had just brought home. He, having stolen her art, had himself used it and filled his canoe with herring while she slept. She went to the canoe and sat down on the beach;

her voice came very feebly as she called to her husband to send her the baskets. He would not send them, and she would not go for them; so she sat on the sand all day. As the moon arose she started toward the mountain, intending to follow a gulch to its top; but when she came to the great stone (called by the white citizens of Sitka the "Blarney-stone") which stands in the roadway just opposite the gate of the Sheldon Jackson Institute, she sat down on it, and immediately turned into an owl. It is for this reason, then, that the owl works in the night and talks in the moonlight.

But the British-Columbia Indians believe that the owl is the transformed body of a man who lost his head from his shoulders in a war among the tribes long ago.

September 27.—Mr. Willard and Miss Matthews, with Mrs. Dickinson, are at the upper villages this week, the girls remaining at home with me and the babies.

This has been a specimen day, and, as the little ones are all asleep, I will run over its events. There has not been an outside Indian near the house, owing to the

great annual feast at Y'hin-da-stachy, but we are always busy. We arose at seven o'clock this morning, got breakfast over, the little ones ready, the Saturday cleaning and preparation done; then, putting Fred in a comfort, I sat him in his cart, gave Kotzie her little shovel, and led the girls with two larger shovels and the wheelbarrow to digging clods and banking up the house for winter. We can get neither man nor boy to work; even Ned has run off to the feast.

The girls went at it with a will, and together we got it almost done; but while we were working in the front of the house one of the girls screamed out that the boat's ways were floating off, and there, sure enough, going rapidly out with the tide, was the log roadway which had been worked on for so many weary days. I feared it might get out into the channel current and be carried utterly away. I knew that it would be next to impossible to replace it by a new one this year, and the Adeline was at anchor in the bay, but must be housed for the winter. How could

it be done without these ways and pulleys? So, laying baby Fred on his back in the comfort, I pulled on my rubber boots, snatched up the keys and, calling to the girls to follow me, ran to the boat-house, got out ropes and paddles, while the girls ran the little canoe down the beach. Springing into the shell, we were off on the big water. Fanny sat high and dry in the prow, Ann in the stern, both working hard, while I with my ropes sat amidships. We reached the logs, roped them in and tugged them back to the Adeline. Boarding the white beauty, I tied the ropes securely to her prow, and we were soon ashore again.

Poor little ones left behind! Kotzie had followed to the water's edge, while Fred had cried himself to sleep. We got dinner over, and after our evening singing, Bible lesson and prayer I took the little ones up to bed. When they were snugly tucked in, I heard noises on the beach like the landing of a boat. Looking out, I could just distinguish a large canoe being hauled up and a figure coming up the path toward the house; but I heard the voices of white men.

As the solitary figure was about to pass to the back of the house I called out from the window:

"Who is there? White men?"

"Yes; a party from the interior. We heard that you were here, and have tried hard to get here to-night."

I told him then that Mr. Willard was not at home, but that I would be down in a minute and would most gladly give them anything they needed.

They were not in the pitiable state of the former party, but they were tired and hungry. They are now comfortably housed in the schoolhouse, with fire and provision, and the day has almost passed for me.

I have been taking the girls this week through the history of our dear Saviour's sufferings, death and resurrection with much profit to us all. They are intensely interested in the reading and during prayer.

October 9.—Our itinerants have safely returned, holding service two weeks ago at Clok-won, last Sabbath at Y'hin-da-stachy. I had a congregation here also

of about twenty persons. The feasting had at last been ended, and the people were *en route* for Chilcoot to put up their salmon. They said "the days were dear now because so few will be before the big snows;" but they stopped for church, and we had a good time. I can get on now very well without an interpreter. . . .

The mail brought us a most welcome telegram from Dr. Kendall, saying, "Go on with the building on your plans." We would naturally shrink from such an undertaking, but because we believe that we will be so directed as to secure more glory to His name whom we delight to serve, we are grateful for this authority. Philip and Sarah, with their little Adeline, were here to church on Sabbath, and on Monday morning Philip went to work on the contract for getting out logs for the Home. Last evening, at sunset, he towed in and landed, above high tide, the first eight logs for the building. It had been a full day for me, but, taking the children to the beach, I sat down on a fallen tree and watched the landing. I forgot my

weariness in the joy of seeing at last a beginning of this house, so labored for, so prayed for and so waited for. Every bump of the logs sent a throb of gratitude through me, and I felt penitent for my want of faith a few weeks ago. But God has caused it to come to pass, and I am. so glad and thankful!

October 11.—Yesterday morning Philip came early, looking as though he had lost his last friend.

"Me baby sick; me min-ten" ("little") "baby sick," he said. "Me no sneep las' night."

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked. "Did Baby cry?"

"No; no cry. Me heart too sick baby."

I sent him to bring the little Adeline and her mother, and soon found her quite sick with lung-fever. These wretched houses of theirs are like caves, and the little doors have been shut up this wet summer, while the roofs are open, letting in all the rain on the earthen floors. Now, when they bring a few pieces of bark for floors, the people go right into them, build a little fire, and

breathe in the poison mould and must out of the reeking ground and walls.

After a day's good nursing and care the little one breathed much better, and seemed in a fair way to recover if the care could be continued. Not daring to let them take it again in such condition to their own hut, we have them still here in the coziest corner of the sitting-room.

As I have clothed little Adeline in flannel now, I asked her mother to give me the little garment I took off, to show you a specimen of the Indian women's sewing. This is the style of dress worn by every Chilcat female, big and little—sometimes with none other; but in the case of the women there is more often a straight gathered skirt worn over this, and perhaps a cotton jacket. They are all, even when made of the flimsiest material, sewed with such extreme nicety! Their favorite position for sewing is lying on the floor, face downward and elbows resting on the ground.* They hold the needle between thumb and finger, pointing outward, and sew from them.

* See illustration, page 151.

October 16.—Philip's baby is dead. The little body is to be burned to-day at Chilcoot, whither its mother and her friends took it yesterday morning at daybreak.

The baby had improved every day; and when, on Saturday, Philip told me that he would take the little one home at noon, I told him it would be best, as she was better. The weather had grown more mild and quiet, and their house had been thoroughly heated, their friends having kept up a constant fire for several days. He went down and hung up thick blankets, making a warm room for Baby and her mother. They wrapped the child well in blankets (it was dressed in my baby's flannels and socks) and took it down to the village. Early yesterday morning Philip came to tell us that the baby was gone. His slow step, white face and swollen eyes told something of his grief. We too had become attached to the fat little baby and were grieved much, though I realize to the full that it was taken in mercy from a miserable existence here.

As soon as it was dead its tribal friends

began to wrap it in its blankets, ready for the mysterious journey to the spirit-world, and, running out a canoe, put the baby into it with its mother and hurried away to Chilcoot, in spite of the father's agonized entreaties. He did not believe that the child was dead, only tired and weak. He begged them to wait till I could see it, then that they would not take it away on the Sabbath, but wait till Monday; but in vain. They left him alone, and he came to tell us, saying that if his child were dead he would go away on the steamboat to work. It was truly his idol. Never have I seen shown anywhere more tender solicitude, more anxious love and earnest, watchful care, than he has shown to that little baby. He had this summer, with part of his earnings, bought a nice camphor-wood trunk, and had several lovely rose-blankets in it. When the baby took sick he immediately opened his treasure, and made its bed more comfortable and beautiful than I could have done by giving him my best. I told him that it pleased me to see him use these things for his child while it lived and needed them,

instead of letting the baby die of exposure in order to save blankets to give away and burn at their burial-feast, as so many Indians do.

"Oh no," he said; "I can't do that. I love my baby; my heart all same's white men's heart."

While here he would throw himself on his hands and knees beside it on the floor and lay his head so tenderly on its little pillow, cooing to it and kissing it like the tenderest mother. He was its best nurse, and would not leave it all those days of its sickness except to get their food. But he rested when I would take it; and when I came at night, whether at twelve or two or four o'clock, with the light, and took up the little thing into my arms, after seeing it comfortably settled he would draw out from about his head somewhere his little book and begin to pore over it, appealing to me constantly for confirmation or correction of what he had spelled. He seemed so troubled about the burning of the body. We told him to let them burn it: that could not make the little one unhappy;

but we wished him to make no feast, to have no burning or tearing up of food and clothing. He said he would have to burn two new blankets with the baby and give its tribe food, but he would do no more.

We hear that the people are getting up quite an excitement again, all saying that wherever ministers are the children die. Last week we had succeeded in getting some men to work, but now every creature is gone again. Some have gone to Chilcoot for this burning; the majority, however, have gone to Clok-won, to another great feast, given to the lower villages in return compliment. We hear that they are going to have plenty of hoochinoo.

Some of these lower people, who had raised bushels of potatoes and used them for the Y'hin-da-stachy feast, have not one morsel of food for winter, and they have families of little children. They intended going to work on the dog-salmon last week to dry it, but now comes the irresistible call to feast at Clok-won with the Cog-won-tons.

Ned has never come back since running away to the feast. . . .

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

To the Mission Society, Wilmington, Illinois.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, July 7, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS: Let me take this opportunity of thanking you all for your interest in the boat also. We did not get a steamer, but a good row-and-sail boat which answers our purposes well and is a great comfort. We have built a log boat-house on the beach, where between trips she is safely sheltered.

During these summer months the steamers come to the canneries which are on the Chilcat Inlet. The distance from Haines is two or three miles, across the peninsula, through a terrible trackless bush. We have no roads in this country, you know, and to go around the point, as we must for our freight, it is thirty miles; so you see even now how much we need the boat. Then for six months during the winter I suppose there will be no steamer,

and our only dependence from Juneau will be our own little boat. . . .

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, October 9, 1883.

REV. AND MRS. P. F. SANBORNE—

DEAR FRIENDS: There is something so good to write! Last evening, at sunset, the first eight logs for the Home were towed in and delivered above high tide by Philip, our young silversmith. It brings a feeling more nearly akin to that experienced on hearing of the first gift toward the building (a year and a half ago) than anything since. . . .

You write to know what to do for us. We shall need everything in the spring. We hope to get the logs on the ground ready for early work when the snow goes off.

We will be obliged to take some boys before we have the house up, in order to secure them and that we may have their help in the much work to be done. We can do this by using the little schoolhouse as a temporary dormitory. But as yet we

have no boys' clothing, nor bed-ticks, nor blankets. Of the former, the very best kind will be of brown ducking canvas—at least for pantaloons—and blue denims or hickory for waists and shirts. The latter might be varied with strong jeans and cheviot flannel. Our Ned can wear a pair of new jean pantaloons only one month before they need new seat and knees. This clothing should be for boys of ages ranging from ten to sixteen years. Our beds will for the most part be single ones—say two widths of hickory two yards long, with a six-inch strip between them for the thickness of the bed. Blankets (colored ones) are better than quilts, and more easily kept clean than comforts. They are cheaper, it is said, on this coast than in the East. Then we shall want crash towels and everything. May God bless you for your good words!

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, October 17, 1883.

DEAR MRS. ———: In a note by our last mail but one Mrs. L. asked me to write you

in reference to our Chilcat children, and select for you a girl to bear the name of ——. I gladly comply at my earliest opportunity, and yet I can only write in a general way. I am not able at once to give you a particular child. We most fondly hope to have the Home open by another summer, and it is exceedingly desirable that the support of its children shall all have been secured by that happy day; but, knowing the difficulties, and appreciating the wish of those who give to this object that neither change nor failure should be connected with the name they love, I think delay of appointment better than risk of a greater disappointment.

You cannot understand just what the difficulties are: their name is Legion. Every superstition of the people, every tie, both natural and monstrous, interferes with the plans of missionaries among Indians. I might give you a bright, promising girl brought to me by her mother to-day; I might take her into my own home and family, adopting her for you with all the papers and ceremonies necessary for the

transference of a kingdom; and yet before our mail is ready to start, taking to you a brilliant account of proceedings and probabilities, I might have to prepare the account of her running away or of her abduction, of her being tortured for witchcraft, given for a wife or sold to white men. I might tell the family to wait—that I would surely take the girl in the spring; I might give her your name and let them go away happy, leaving me with the full assurance that the child was ready for me whenever I could take her; and next week I might find that the whole family has removed elsewhere, from whence I could not expect ever to receive my innocent little girl.

So I assure you, dear friends, that, from such a point of view, these scholarships are very trying and discouraging things. You wish to watch the growth and progress of a particular child in the name of one you love. I understand and sympathize with you in this, but is this the best way? May I not suggest what seems to me a higher aim—a wiser and a better plan? It is one which will alike enlarge

the sympathies of the givers and their experimental knowledge of mission work and relieve the missionaries of so great a tax. Would not the person whom you delight to honor in this way be just as truly honored in this other way? Instead of saying, "Select for us a child of good promise—one we can keep, and whose course we can follow—and we will support her in your school and call her 'So-and-So,'" suppose you should say, "We wish to have a *scholarship* in your school, to be named 'So-and-So,' and would be glad to have occasional accounts of the child who may be benefited by it;" and suppose you pay your one hundred dollars a year into the hand of the Board of Home Missions for the purpose of keeping up this scholarship, always to be known by your chosen name. Then, if for any cause it became necessary to substitute any other child for the one first selected, you might in this way gain the histories of a dozen children, with all the varied circumstances that caused the change, and thus learn more of the habits, superstitions and needs of the people than

you could in any other way. You might possibly have the same child for a number of years; but if not, you would have the joy of knowing that more than one little candle had been lighted, and you would pray God to keep it burning until the perfect day. For they cannot be in these Christian training-homes a week without some little spark at least of knowledge having been kindled in their dark minds. We hope that they can never be just the same as before; and who can tell whether this or that shall prosper—that dropped by the wayside, or this so long tended by anxious, watchful love?

Have you heard of the little child-wife in our school? Her husband is sawing wood for us to-day. He sometimes comes to school with her and his own little ones, whom she lugs with her everywhere she goes. It is almost two years since he took her, the daughter of his own brother, yet she is a slight little creature of not over eleven years now. She has fretted so that her father has several times allowed her to go home for a little while. She is with her

parents just now, and her father says he does not want her to go back to her husband any more: "she cries too much." He wants us to take her into the Home; and oh, I do hope he may not change his mind before the place is ready for her.

That bright little son of Shat-e-ritch who so manfully helped to take our mission stuff up the river a year ago, and whom we hoped to have in the Home, has fallen heir to his uncle-chief's houses, blankets and widow—an old woman from whom death may release him in a few years; but he has taken possession, and is now lord and master of a chief's estate. . . . CARRIE M. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION,
HAINES, ALASKA, November 7, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS: A few days ago we learned of the sad fate of another of our girls, who is now about sixteen years old. About two years ago she was given as second wife to an old man whose first wife was as decrepit as himself. This she endured until a year ago, when her position was rendered still more terrible by the accusa-

tion of witchcraft. She was tortured, and at length confessed that she had, together with Jim (our Ned's father), been the means of the death of a little boy who was the son of Cla-not's sister, and of the paralysis of his father's arm. She had stolen the dirty, ragged shirt-sleeve of the man, she said, and given it to Jim, who hid it in a "dead-box;" and, immediately after, the man's arm began to shrivel. When asked afterward why she told this lie, she said, "Because of the torture." The child had nothing with which to pay for her release, and the afflicted family took her for their slave. We hear that the friends are but waiting to begin again their trial of Jim. Of course the accusing party is a very strong one—both Cla-not and his sister. . . .

Fanny does the most of our interpreting now, and does it simply and well, though it is an especially trying position for her. When we found that Mrs. Dickinson was not coming last Sabbath, Mr. Willard said,

"Well, Fanny will have to talk for me to-day."

She looked down, and did not make any

only except a movement of impatience or uneasiness.

Mr. Willard began to go over the lesson with her: it was on the raising of the widow's son at Nain. When he was through, he asked if she understood it.

"No," she said very distinctly.

I called her to come and sit down beside me in the big window, and, taking a lot of blocks from Kotzie's play-box, I built a city with a wall about it, explained the purpose of the latter, then showed the little house where lived the widow, told of her one boy who cared for her, of his death, of her grief. With a doll and the lid of a box and a winding ribbon, we led the little procession of mourners down the street and through the city's gate. We had before seen that Jesus was leaving a neighboring town, and now he was nearing the gate as the funeral came out. Then the joyful return.

Among the many applications, I spoke of how like the dead we all are with Jesus, of our helplessness until we are touched by Him who makes us strong to do for him,

and brought it down to Fanny, whose tongue was dead before her people until Jesus touched her heart as he did the bier of the widow's son; then right away it was full of words for him. There was a change instantly in her whole aspect, and in a few moments she slipped away to her room to gain more of the help which God alone can give us; and I knew then that she would do well. She *did* do well, speaking out with perfect ease; so that all in the building could hear without any effort.

We had two services, and a roomful of children followed us home at nightfall. I had asked Minnie, the little child-wife, to come home with me, because a few days before she had committed a little theft and I wanted to have a talk with her. But, as all the rest came and the room filled up, I concluded to give them all the benefit of the lesson. They were looking at a picture of little Samuel answering the call he thought Eli's; so, taking that story of God's talking to the little boy and telling him what he wanted him to do for a text, I preached them a little sermon full of questions on

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the commandments—God's talk to each of these little boys and girls. Without having made any personal allusions, I soon discovered my little culprit under the table; but when the closing talk of Jesus' love and mercy and help came, the little head came out into the light in its eagerness, and the hymns were sung joyously. The children are learning to sing beautifully together, and are getting quite an idea of the parts, trying, with no mean success, the alto and bass as well as the air.

Minnie's father came to see us about her. He says that his brother is very angry that he didn't send her back; he says that she belongs to him and he needs her. I told her father that if he did make her go back again I should tell the man-of-war the very first thing when I saw it again.

Oh, if we only had the Home! or if we had known in time that we could have gotten provision enough for more, then how glad we would have been to lay it in and take these little ones! The people's extremity as to food seems to be the great opportunity of getting all the children, if

we could take care of them; but God knows it all, and he loves them.

November 9, 1883.—Among the many demands of yesterday, besides those of my home and children, was the cutting and fitting of a nice black alpaca polonaise for Mrs. Chilcoot Jack. She has a tall, slender figure and such a sweet, sad young face, a good head with a heavy braid of glossy black hair, and in her new dress looks like a nice white lady.

Before I had finished cutting it came Mrs. Harry Kah-dum-jah, a little crippled woman with four children (two of whom I immediately despatched to school), with an old frock-coat which her husband had gotten from some of the white men. She wanted a whole suit from it for her five-year-old boy. We ripped it up and cut a nice little jacket from the skirts, and a good pair of pants from the sleeves. From the extravagant pleasure at the result, I could see that she had not really expected me to give her all she wanted out of that coat. She is very bright and a good seamstress, and took up all my

directions for its making quite readily. When she had finished sewing up the seams and I brought a hot flat-iron to press them out, she seemed as much delighted as if I had presented her with a new tailor-made suit. The little boy himself was so rejoiced with the idea of having a coat that fitted him that he ran off to school with the body of it on while we were fixing the sleeves. Her baby-boy is a little older than mine—a beautiful child just creeping about the floor. He had only the customary rag about his shoulders—a little short cotton shirt—though it was so cold that with all the fire I could keep going in the big box-stove I dared not let my baby down on the floor, with all his thick, warm flannels.

The child was not well; and when I brought an old pair of flannel drawers to put on him, his mother showed me that his spine was curved.

"Why, what did that?" I asked.

With as much seriousness as though she were saying "A fall," she said,

"Witches."

I had many times seen the child lugged about by a little six-year-old sister, slung over her back in a blanket, from which it would be a very easy matter for the fat, heavy, helpless baby to drop. Of course I gave her a lesson on witchcraft and the proper care of not only babies, but their weak little sisters.

Before I had finished, as if to give the discourse point, my baby Fred, in his healthy restlessness, grew tired of the arm-chair into which I had tucked him, and, trying to gain the floor, reached it in too much haste, getting such a bump on his wee pug-nose as brought the blood. As soon as I had hushed him in my arms I turned to the woman with an expression of great concern, and asked,

"What is the matter with Baby's nose? See the blood!"

She looked surprised a little, and answered that he struck it when he fell from the chair. But I gravely said,

"It must be witches."

She glanced quickly up to my face, and I could see the expression of half terror,

half surprise, that had possession of hers before her searching revealed to her the changing expression of mine; then she broke into a hearty laugh as she clearly comprehended my meaning.

There were a dozen or more minor calls from men about wood, women who were in trouble with their husbands, parents wanting us to take their children, counsels about a boy who ran away because his father whipped him; they were afraid that he had gone to the woods and killed himself. Then came the getting of dinner for the school-goers, the earlier lunching of Kotzie and Fred and putting the latter to bed for his midday sleep.

After dinner the room was still full of Indians wanting help in various ways. Some had sick children whom they wished me to visit. It was impossible for me to leave home even for a moment until my own little ones were asleep in their beds for the night and their papa in the house to hearken should they cry.

In the evening I took the lantern and went to the village. Ann and Fanny had

washed up the dishes, and wanted to go with me; so I gladly took them. We went to the little sick girl first. I found her lying curled up on a little sheepskin spread on the floor near the fire, and suffering. The child's soft, large eyes looked mournfully out from the thick, matted hair; the quivering of the dirty little mouth was almost hidden by the old blanket she drew so tightly about her; but she saw the cakes I slipped under it, and looked up at me as I stroked back her hair and sang her hymns in Kling-get. There were about thirty persons in the house, some at work, others idling, while the great fish, a yard long and nearly a foot through, hung before the blazing fire on a string from the rafter above. An old man with a stick kept it spinning around; a pan beneath caught the drippings. The people, old and young, joined in the singing; then we repeated the twenty-third psalm in Kling-get. Her mother said the little one's most frequent cry was for "school." I gave directions for the proper care of the child, and this morning sent clean clothes and medicine.

Our next call was on the old Chilcoot doctor who lingers so strangely; he has been dying with consumption for years, and now is blind. He caught my hand eagerly, and between his gasps for breath called me his mother, his grandmother, the good chief-lady, etc., saying that he wanted so much to see my face. I spoke to him of death, of God, the Saviour and heaven; and I told him the story of Paul, whom God made blind to outside things because he wished to open the eyes of his heart, and we prayed that God would open this poor old man's spiritual eyes. He professes to believe in Christ and asked me to cut his hair off, saying that he wanted to die right and he wished Mr. Willard to bury his body. This house was also full of people, who listened to the good words. But time fails me to tell of the other visits. All were, I trust, profitable and will leave behind some blessing.

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

INDEX AND GLOSSARY.

[THE NUMERALS REFER TO THE PAGES.]

ADAMS (United States war-steamer), 234, 237.
Adeline (small sail-and-row boat belonging to the Chilcat mission), 311, 322, 351, 352, 361.
Allen (Sitka schoolboy), 280.
Anahootz (Sitka chief), 16, 17.
Animals, 189, 316.
Apples, Indian, 330.
Austin, Alonzo E., 15, 18, 28, 29, 33, 36, 95, 187, 247, 262.
Austin, Mrs. Alonzo E., 232, 234, 235, 241, 242, 246, 278; Hospitality to the Willards, 13.
Austin, Miss Linnie, 28, 36.

BEARDSLEE (United States Navy), Commander L. A., 30.
Beardslee, Mrs. L. A., 36.
Bell, Church-, 44.
Berries, 20, 113, 198, 199, 326.
Bessie Ann Frazer (Chilcat schoolgirl), 312, 324, 325, 327, 341.
Birds, 189, 225.
Blarney-stone, Sitka, Tradition concerning, 350.
Boyd (mission station among the Hoonyah), 44, 95, 247, 288, 345. See *Hoonyah*.

CALIFORNIA (United States mail-steamer), 19.
Canoe, 75, 112, 213, 214, 216, 221, 224, 225, 226, 242.
Carvings, 39, 78, 277.
Chatham Straits, 40, 287.
Chilcat, 18, 19, 26, 39, 40, 47, 49, 58, 72, 83, 86, 93, 94, 101, 110, 132, 134, 144, 145, 155, 156, 165, 168, 170, 188, 190, 221, 227, 232, 234, 237, 241, 289; Fighting among, 14, 79, 80–82.
Chilcat River, 47, 96, 97, 102, 140, 198, 202, 293, 299.
Chilcat Home at Haines, 227, 228, 229, 231, 245, 246, 264, 354, 362, 368, 372.

Chilcoot, 47, 50, 53, 65, 66, 75, 89, 102, 108, 139, 188, 290, 357, 360.
Chilcoot River, 47, 101, 202.
Children, Sale of, 153.
Christmas, 158, 159.
Clah (Indian teacher), 49.
Cla-not (Chilcat chief), 67, 69, 141–144, 169, 170, 172, 311, 314, 315, 369.
Climate, 35, 105, 136, 138, 142, 157, 172, 173–177, 180, 200–205, 213, 267, 283, 310. See *Snow* and *Sun*.
Clok-won (upper Chilcat village, marked on the map "Willard"), 66, 77, 78, 216, 219, 226, 227, 295, 317, 353, 360.
Co-ek-y (feast for the dead), 255, 345.
Cog-won-tons 343, 360.
Corlies, Rev. W. H. R., 26, 27, 95, 316, 317.
Corlies, Mrs. W. H. R., 26.
Corwin (United States revenue marine steamer), 236, 238.
Cremation, 122, 125, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 141, 173–177, 178–180, 255, 293, 357, 359, 360.
Cross Sound, 288.
Customs of natives: Conferring a name, 84; Sale of children, 152; Treatment of girls, 178, 179, 230; Marriage, 98, 99, 138, 139, 143, 163, 278 307, 335; Dress, 136, 152, 158, 160, 161, 210, 356; Morning bath, 161; Eating, 113, 199, 200, 344; Making a feast, 342; Making peace in war, 95, 141–146, 165–167, 237, 238; Sickness, 109, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122; Feast for the dead, 255, 345, Funeral, 124, 125, 126, 131, 249, 357; Future life, 249, 305; Murder, 14, 16, 79, 80, 81, 82; Family affection, 162.

DEAD, Feast for, 255, 345.
Deaf natives, 212.
De Groff, Mr., 211.
Dickinson, George (white trader), 49, 93, 219.
Dickinson, Mrs. George (interpreter at Haines), 49, 56, 71, 75, 84, 94, 105, 159, 160, 182, 219, 248, 300, 301, 302, 350, 369.
Dickinson, William, 72.
Don-a-wok (Chilcat chief), 50, 56, 67, 71, 74, 88, 89, 98, 101, 130, 138, 139, 143, 206, 214, 224, 225, 306, 311.
Dress customs, 136, 152, 158, 160, 161, 210, 356.
Drowning regarded a great evil, 260.
Dunbar, Miss Maggie J. (Mrs. J. W. McFarland), 22, 247.

Duncan, Mr. William, 44, 49.
Dy-ya Inlet (Ty-ya), 188, 214, 290, 320, 321.

EARTHQUAKE, 217.
Eating customs, 113, 199, 200, 344.
Education, Compulsory, 31.

FAMILY affection, 162.
Fanny (Chilcat schoolgirl), 209, 210, 313, 324, 325, 327, 369.
Favorite (private trading-steamer), 14, 19, 111, 187, 195, 196, 211, 213, 220, 238.
Feast-making, 342.
Fish, 56, 135, 189, 198, 199, 206–208, 215, 216, 221, 224, 286, 321, 326.
Flowers, 26, 102, 224, 286, 310.
Funeral customs, 18, 124, 125, 126, 131, 249, 357. See *Cremation.*

GIRLS, Treatment of, 178, 179, 230, 367, 368.
Glaciers, 105, 139, 217, 326.
Glass (United States Navy), Commander Henry, 14, 15, 16, 18, 30, 33, 70, 127.
Gold, 135, 230.
Gould, Miss Clara A., 246, 322.
Gould, Rev. J. Loomis, 246, 247.
Gun-un-uh (interior tribe), 317. See *Stick.*

HAINES, Mrs. F. E. H., 206, 210, 227, 229.
Haines (mission station among the Chilcats), 47, 241, 246, 247, 283, 317, 361.
Hoochinoo (an intoxicating drink), 16, 30, 32, 214, 215, 360.
Hoochinoo tribe, 67, 280.
Hoonyah, 44, 247, 288, 345. See *Boyd.*
Houses, 53, 54.
Hydah tribe, 25, 67, 213.

JACKSON, D. D., Rev. Sheldon, 3, 15, 21, 30, 39, 40, 43, 44, 49, 58, 63, 67, 68, 94, 95, 132, 133, 134, 144, 153, 184, 218, 235, 239, 241, 246, 270, 316, 322.
Jackson (mission station among the Hydahs), 246, 247.
Jamestown (United States man-of-war), 14, 30, 65, 281.
Jewelry, Native, 33, 39.
Jim, Skoo-kum, 143, 145.
Juneau (gold-mining camp), 135, 138, 185, 186, 196, 197, 211, 213, 215, 216, 217, 220, 231, 288, 362.

KAHT-LUTL (Chilcat chief), 345.
Kendall, D. D., Rev. Henry, 354.
K-hossy Heen Inlet, 290.

Kill-is-noo (fishing and trading post of North-western Trading Company), 237.
Kinney cannery, 321.
Kling-get (language spoken by all the tribes of the Alexander Archipelago except the Hydah), 142.
Krause, Drs. Aurel and Arthur, 135, 190, 193.

LANGDON, Mrs. C. H., 44.
Language, 39.
Lawrence (boy at Sitka), 279, 280.
Lindenberg Harbor, 285, 287.
Lord's Supper, 235, 239.
Lot, 211.
Lull (United States Navy), Commander Edward P., 66, 70.
Lynn Channel, 47, 101, 202, 288.
Lyons, Rev. G. W., 28.

MAIL, 135, 138, 185, 186, 187, 196, 213, 216, 241, 311, 316, 317.
McFarland, Mrs. A. R., 22, 49, 246.
McFarland Home (training-school for girls at Fort Wrangell), 22, 25, 26, 139, 226.
McFarland, Rev. John W., 247.
Manufactures, 25, 39.
Marriage, 98, 99, 138, 139, 143, 163, 278, 307, 335.
Matthews, Miss Elizabeth L., 235, 241, 242, 246, 286, 290, 297, 311, 322, 324, 325, 327, 350, 367, 368.
Medicine-men, 47, 107, 109, 110, 114, 115, 117, 118, 120, 121, 122, 131, 132, 133, 134, 146, 179, 237, 238, 258–260, 345. See *Witchcraft*.
Merriman (United States Navy), Commander, 237, 328.
Met-lah-kat-lah (British mission station), 47, 96.
Miners, Rescue of, 320–324; Welcome, 353.
Missions, Woman's Executive Committee of Home, 47, 245.
Moses Jamestown (Sitka schoolboy), 281.
Mount Saint Elias, 21.
Murder customs, 14, 16, 79, 80, 81, 82.

NAUK BAY, 206, 207, 224.
Nauk-y-stih (Indian name given to Mrs. Willard), 84–87.
Ned (Chilcat schoolboy), 311, 312, 314, 315, 316, 318, 321, 325, 331, 332, 351.
North-west Trading Company, 197, 238.

OIL, Fish, 57, 112, 113, 199, 346.
Owl, Superstitions concerning,

320–331; Tradition of origin, 346–350.

PARKER (United States Navy), Surgeon, 70.
Paul, Louis and Tillie (native missionaries), 215–217, 219, 226, 293, 295, 317, 318.
Peace-making, 92, 141–146, 165–167, 237, 238.
Peril Strait, 285.
Philip (Chilcat silversmith), 333–339, 354–360.
Polygamy, 171, 335–339.
Portage Bay, 47, 101, 202, 289.
Potter, Mrs. B. F., 261.
Prayer, Natives' faith in, 107, 108, 109, 110, 306, 307.
Productions, 73, 135, 198, 199.

RANKIN, Miss Kate A., 322, 323.
Raven, Superstitions concerning, 340.
Religious belief concerning a future life, 108.
Retreat Point, 288.
Rivers: Chilcat, 47, 96, 97, 102, 140, 198, 202, 293, 299; Chilcoot, 47, 101, 202; Yukon, 231, 321; Pelly, 321.
Rose (small coasting-steamer), 232, 233, 234, 283, 284.

SALMON, 56, 105, 113, 135, 296, 310, 346, 354.
Scenery, 193, 224, 225, 288, 289.
Scholarships in mission schools, 364.
Schools: Russian (Sitka), 28; McFarland Home, 22, 25, 26, 139; Sheldon Jackson Institute, 15, 29, 30, 153, 154, 239, 270–282, 350; Haines, 49, 105, 164; Clok-won, 219; Compulsory attendance, 31.
Seal, 190.
Shat-e-ritch (Chilcat chief), 66, 79, 83, 84, 89, 142, 145, 146, 212, 220, 368.
Sheep, Mountain, 107.
Sheldon Jackson Institute (an industrial training-school for Indian boys and girls), 29, 30, 153, 154, 239, 270–282, 350.
Simpson, Port (British mission station), 67, 170.
Sitka, 15, 19, 27, 29, 39, 67, 89, 94, 95, 96, 105, 112, 139, 143, 187, 196, 197, 213, 245, 247, 264–282, 285, 291, 345, 346; Berries, 20; Vegetables, 21; Murders, 16; Funeral, 18.
Sitka Jack, 165, 166, 167, 172.
Snow, 136, 138, 157, 158, 172–177, 198, 200–205, 206, 213, 224, 267, 354.
Snow-shoes, 136, 138, 140, 172, 185, 200, 205.
Steam-launch, 90, 155, 220, 224, 226, 241, 361.

Stick (interior), 80, 149, 168, 169, 293. See *Gun-un-uh*.
Stickeen tribe, 26, 39.
Styles, Walter B., 247, 277.
Styles, Mrs. W. B., 95.
Sun, Rising and setting of, 20, 137, 222.
Symonds (United States Navy), Lieutenant F. M., 30.

TAKOO TRIBE, 135.
Te-nany (fishing village), 140, 188.
Totems, 79, 343.
Townsend, Port, 196.

VEGETABLES, 21, 135.

WACHUSETTE (United States war-steamer), 59, 65, 127, 234.
Willard, Rev. Eugene S., 9, 15, 17, 18, 57, 68, 71, 75, 83, 89, 90, 91, 106, 107, 110, 113, 120, 124, 126, 127, 131, 139, 141, 144, 146, 149, 150, 166–169, 170, 172, 173, 177, 181, 182, 188, 209, 218, 219, 226, 241, 271, 286, 290, 295, 309, 311, 315, 316, 318, 320–323, 324, 327, 328, 329, 338, 350, 378.
Willard, Mrs. Eugene S. (biographical sketch), 8, 215, 218.
Willard, Carrie (Kotzie), 239, 243, 244, 262, 263, 290, 297, 300, 329, 351, 352.
Willard, Frederick Eugene Austin, 239, 241, 243, 262, 298, 351, 352, 375.
Willards: Sickness, 180–183, 218, 219; Starving, 218, 220–223, 231–233; Abundant labors, 373–378.
Witchcraft, 107, 120, 121, 131, 141, 172, 173, 178–180, 205, 279, 280, 281, 300–305, 330, 346, 369. See *Medicine-men*.
Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, 47, 245.
Wrangell, Fort, 21, 49, 94, 105, 179, 196, 211, 226, 228, 229, 246, 247, 318, 322, 345.

Y'HINDA-STACHY (lower Chilcat village), 345, 351, 353, 360.
Young, Rev. S. Hall, 25, 27, 247.
Yukon River, 231.

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